

BACONIANA

Founded 1886

JUNE, 1958


CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial - - - - -	1
Shakespeare's Learned Ladies - - - - -	9
A Pioneer, VII - - - - -	11
Ivory Miniatures of Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon - - - - -	20
Dr. Harvey, Robert Fludd and Francis Bacon - - -	23
Towards a more correct Biography of Francis Bacon VI - - - - -	25
"Shakespeare" and Flowers - - - - -	29
Of Plantations - - - - -	30
Bacon's Instruments as Aids to the Sense of Sight, II	33
Shakespeare's Sonnets and "Mr. W. H." IV - - -	37
Book Reviews - - - - -	42
Correspondence - - - - -	45

Published periodically

LONDON:

Published by THE FRANCIS BACON SOCIETY INCORPORATED at
Canonbury Tower, Islington, London, N.1, and printed by the
Rydal Press, Keighley.



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial - - - - -	49
Emerson and Bacon - - - - -	55
Obituary: Miss Minnie B. Theobald - - - - -	73
An Elizabethan Statesman's Home - - - - -	74
Towards a more correct Biography of Francis Bacon, VII - - - - -	78
Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis" - - - - -	82
An Epigram to Bacon by Matthias Leius - - - - -	95
Citation - - - - -	98
Sir Sidney Lee - - - - -	100
Acrostics and Quibbles - - - - -	103
Correspondence - - - - -	110

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BACONIANA

VOL. XLII (73rd Year)

No. 158

JUNE 1958

It should be clearly understood that BACONIANA is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Society, but the Council does not necessarily endorse opinions expressed by contributors or correspondents.

EDITORIAL

The place of Justice is an hallowed place.

(FRANCIS BACON)

It is hard to believe that the writer of these words did not practise them. Bacon's exalted idea of justice was in marked contrast to that of his contemporary Sir Edward Coke, to whom the law was an instrument of force rather than justice; a means to impose his will by bullying and his vast knowledge of legal precedents. In court, these two great lawyers used entirely different methods in dealing with witnesses or prisoners; Bacon quietly persuading, Coke usually raging. Both, however, were useful to the Queen in different ways, Bacon for conference, counsel and judgment, Coke for the power he could wield as an instrument of coercion.

Advancement in the legal profession, apart from the influence and "means" it would bring, was not the main ambition of Francis Bacon. On failing to get the Solicitorship, he wrote the following;

"To my Lord of Essex.

It may please your good Lordship, For myself, I have lost some opinion, some time, and some means; this is my account: but then for opinion, it is a blast that goeth and cometh; for time, it is true it goeth and cometh not; but yet I have learned that it may be redeemed.

For means, I value that most; and the rather, because I am purposed not to follow the practice of the law: (If her Majesty command me in any particular, I shall be ready to do her willing service:) and my reason is only, because it drinketh too much time, which I have dedicated to better purposes. But even for that point of estate and means, I partly lean to Thales' opinion, that a philosopher may be rich if he will.

Thus your Lordship seeth how I comfort myself; But without any such high conceit, I esteem it like the pulling out of an aching tooth, which, I remember, when I was a child and had little philosophy, I was glad of when it was done. For your Lordship, I do think myself more beholding to you than to any man. And I say, I reckon myself as a common (not popular, but common); and as much as is lawful to be enclosed of a common, so much your Lordship shall be sure to have.

Your Lordship's, to obey your *honorable* commands, more settled than ever."

Several points of interest in this remarkable letter seem to be avoided (with what intention we know not) in E. M. Tenison's *Elizabethan England*. To liken himself to 'a common'—which no single individual might enclose because it belonged to England and her Sovereign—was indeed prophetic of Bacon writing to Essex in 1595; nor was this the only opportunity he took to underline his obligations of loyalty to Queen and Country. Surely Tenison in defaming Francis Bacon might have done him the justice of quoting his letter. In a comprehensive work of this magnitude—twelve volumes on one reign—the omissions must assume a greater significance. Not only are many of Bacon's letters excluded, but even the text of his speeches at Essex's trial. When, therefore, in eulogising the Earl, it suits the author's purpose to defame Francis Bacon—a greater man by general consent—by withholding from this 'history' some very important material, we must reluctantly ascribe this to the skill of the advocate in concealing the weak part of his case.

We are willing to be persuaded by Professor Tenison that the Earl of Essex was a great and popular figure, and probably a better man than his enemies made him out to be; but we are far from being convinced that Francis Bacon was a worse one. When an Earl-Marshall resorts to conspiracy, violence, and open rebellion, the position of the government is surely serious. The whole tragic story needs to be looked upon more sympathetically, with due allowances for both sides. To pretend that Bacon accepted gifts from Essex and then deserted him when it suited, is to ignore the facts. From the very beginning Essex's patronage was accepted only on the assumption that Bacon's duties and loyalties would always be respected. Bacon made this perfectly plain when, with some misgivings, he agreed to become "enfeoffed" of the crown lease of Twickenham Park (or as some think, the gift of a piece of land adjoining it) which Essex had set his heart on procuring for him by way of discharging his obligations . . .

"My Lord, I see I must be your homager and hold land of your gift: but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with a saving of his faith to the king and his other lords: and therefore, my Lord, I can be no more yours than I was, and it must be with the ancient savings:"

The obligations were clearly on both sides. In reward for Bacon's services, Essex, whose patriotism and generosity had brought financial difficulties, tried hard to get him the Solicitorship, and when that failed, set his heart on procuring for him a 'piece of land.' On the other side Bacon always makes generous acknowledgment of Essex's patronage, but always with this one condition, the saving of his faith to the Queen:

"For your Lordship, I do think myself more beholding to you than to any man. And I say, I reckon myself as a common (not popular, but common); and as much as is lawful to be enclosed of a common, so much your Lordship shall be sure to have."

For some unexplained reason the Queen chose to be as deaf to Bacon's intercessions for Essex as she was to Essex's plea for the

advancement of Bacon. Neither was encouraged to champion the other. But if, in her eyes, Bacon's practice of the law was not, as was Coke's, astute and cunning enough to be of service in her prosecutions, his apprehension of justice, judicature, and counsel, was far greater. Although she had good reason to suspect him of an independent outlook in the Commons, she nevertheless made him her 'learned Counsel extraordinary' in 1595. Thenceforward she allowed him constant access, turned to him for advice, and relied on him to keep a watching brief on her affairs. For a while, when he had become too ardent an advocate for Essex, her face was turned from him; and so when legal proceedings against Essex were instituted, Bacon was forced to make his choice between them. Whatever Tenison may appear to suggest to the contrary, Bacon was then commanded to take part 'nolens volens and binding upon the Queen's pleasure directly' and his request to be excused was peremptorily dismissed. He thereupon made up his mind to meet the issue forced upon him and to show the Queen, as he says, that 'he knew the degrees of duties', that he could discharge the higher duty to his country and his Sovereign (to which as the Queen's Counsel he had been sworn) despite all personal feelings towards an impulsive and erring friend. He accepted the view that Justice was a sacred thing and that it was for the ultimate good of the realm that it should be upheld.

* * * *

Those who follow the big drum of Macaulay (as R. L. Stevenson once called it) accuse Francis Bacon, quite wrongly, of moral failure on two occasions. Firstly in his relations with Essex, secondly in a supposed corruption of justice when he was Lord Chancellor. The latter charge collapses completely when we take into account the custom of 'voluntary benevolences' and the 'Fee System' by which judges in those days were remunerated just as counsel are today. This matter has been very ably handled in *Bacon's Vindication* by H. Kendra Baker, re-printed in *Baconiana*, No. 157. But to summarise the Essex affair, on which so many writers have differed will require a whole article. In the meantime, as an antidote to Tenison's rather astonishing defamation of Bacon's character we recommend a re-reading of Chapters V and VI of Spedding's *Life and Times of Francis Bacon*. This was Spedding's final contribution to the subject. The story of Essex is lucidly told, and much less interrupted by supporting documents than in *The Letters and Life* by the same author, or in *Elizabethan England* for that matter.

There is little doubt that, however plausible the reasons given, the Essex conspiracy, and his notorious attempt to raise the City of London against the Government, amounted technically to treason. Most writers, even Bacon's detractors, agree that when the insurrection had been suppressed, the verdict of 'guilty' was inevitable; but Lord Campbell writes as though it would have been proper for Bacon to shirk his appointed roles, both in the tribunal of June, 1600, and the trial of February, 1601, on personal grounds. To take this view is to assume, in the first place, that it was open to the Queen's learned

Counsel to disobey her express command, and in the second place, that Bacon's obligations to Essex were greater than Essex's to Bacon, which was by no means the case. 'There is such a thing as going sick' it is sometimes urged; but medical certificates were not in vogue in those days and loyalty to the Queen was a distinctive characteristic of the Elizabethan courtiers. Are we then seriously to believe that the duty of a lawyer, specially retained and appointed by the Crown, was any less imperative than the Captain of the Queens' Guard? We believe that Francis Bacon was moved by a sense of patriotism and loyalty as great as that of Raleigh, and perhaps by an even greater passion and respect for justice. To him the highest judicial court of the assembled peers was not a place in which the Queen's Counsel could stand by and see her justice flouted. He could no more have done this than Raleigh could have thrown up his command of the guard.

On the two historic occasions when Essex was called to order, the tribunal of June and the trial of the following February, Francis Bacon was commanded to be present. Yet Professor Tenison is at pains to suggest that, on the *first* occasion, he need not have appeared....

"Francis Bacon, who had no official position except as one of the clerks of the Council, had brought forward accusations not mentioned by others. Regarding Hayward's book, he rebuked Essex for having drawn attention to it," etc, etc.,

Yet is so happened that the very part assigned to Bacon was the charge against Essex, which related to the matter of Hayward's seditious book and the play of *Richard II*. The book about the deposition of Richard II had been dedicated, as we know, to Essex, and Bacon had tried to make light of the matter to the Queen by his 'Tacitus' mystification. Now the tables were to be turned on him, not without a certain sense of grim humour. Having spent far too much time in trying to restore Essex to favour, and having made excuses for him, he was now assigned the part of examining those very excuses in open Court. No more playful fencing about Tacitus: the foils were off; and within a few months the 'deposing' of Richard II was to be played publicly in the open streets, at the charge of Essex's supporters, as a prelude to the rebellion.

Probably the Queen's suspicions of book and play had never been really allayed. Now they were to be fully justified, and to press this point home in the prosecution was a charge laid, not without relish, on Francis Bacon himself. The odd excuse that he was later to advance, 'that he would be giving in evidence his own tales', may well have a double meaning. But he did as he was enjoined and referred to the matter at the tribunal in June, and later at the trials of Merrick and Blount, though not apparently at the public trial of Essex himself.

That *Richard II* was actually played publicly as an incitement to Londoners before the rebellion had been proved to the hilt; and that the purpose was treasonable can scarcely be doubted. But why did the citizens fail to become incited? Why did Essex and his followers meet with blank looks from the crowd? E. M. Tenison appears to attribute this to a successful and rather nefarious counterplot by the

Government. If so, the subtle and unscrupulous Secretary, Robert Cecil, was to be congratulated. But we believe the conspiracy fell flat for the simple reason that Essex was not Bolingbroke, Elizabeth Tudor was not a Richard II, and there were those, thank goodness, who could still regard the place of Justice *as an hallowed place*.

* * * *

While on the subject of Essex we must report a unique gift to the Society by one of our members who lives in Bristol and whose pen-name is W. E. Lovell. This is a beautiful copy of the limited edition of the manuscript called *Adams's Chronicle of Bristol 1623*, printed in 1910 by J. W. Arrowsmith. Mr. Francis F. Cox, the editor, writes in a pre-fatory note:

"These documents are not peculiar to Bristol; they are found in London, Coventry, Oxford, and no doubt in most other ancient towns. Seyer says:— 'Far the best which I have met with is one written by William Adams as far as A.D. 1639, in the possession of Charles Joseph Harford, Esq., and it contains much general English History'."

Adams, as a contemporary, would have been familiar with the activities of the Earl of Essex, from the popular point of view. In reading his account of the action on the coast of Portugal in the Summer of 1589, involving Francis Drake and others, we were not a little surprised to find the following paragraph:

"The first that arrived at the town was the Earle of Essex, a *prince of the royal blood of England*, and one that was adorned with many moral virtues."

It is interesting that he calls the Earl of Essex "prince of the royal blood of England." Although Essex was indeed a kinsman to the Queen, and could trace his descent from a Plantagenet monarch Edward III, it was a peculiar description of him during a Tudor reign.

Adams' chronicle, in its brief description of Essex's insurrection and death, shows us the great popularity of the Earl, but in so doing we think it also proves the seriousness of the situation confronting the Government and the Queen, when Essex conspired to take the Court by force. Whether it was fortunate for England that others of the contrary faction, but all the same of proved metal like Raleigh and Bacon, were prepared to stand to the defence of their Queen, it is for the reader to judge.

* * * *

We publish in the present issue a most interesting article by Professor M. V. Ambros of the State Design Institute, Vodoprojekt, in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Professor Ambros, who is a Baconian and who has been lecturing and writing on our subject as well as others, has come across a most interesting collection of 64 ivory framed miniature portraits and medallions. The most important of these are listed and appear to be of European rulers and well-known personages between 1550 and 1650. Two of these miniatures, for some unexplained reason, are of greater size than the rest and, as our readers will see, they are those of Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon.

* * * *

Members of our Society, some of them in the remoter parts of the English-speaking world, are awaiting with interest a rejoinder from the Francis Bacon Society to that very entertaining book *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined*, by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Friedman. In the next number of *Baconiana* (Autumn, 1958) it is hoped to devote a larger amount of space than usual to this intriguing question, on which the opinion of our membership is still known to be divided.

This book we feel may have performed a double service to our Society. Firstly, it claims, in a good-humoured way, to demolish a number of rather reckless attempts at decipherment. Secondly, it has unquestionably stimulated interest in Lord Bacon's cyphers, as he himself has partially recorded them, and has shown what would be the probable requirements of a modern cryptographer in order to satisfy himself that a cypher message had been inserted, and moderately well deciphered.

Colonel and Mrs. Friedman, at the end of Chapter 2, give us an important assurance in the following words:—

“Provided that independent investigation shows an answer to be unique, and to have been reached by valid means, we shall accept it, however much we shock the learned world by doing so.”

These are apparently the pre-requisites for proving a modern scientific cypher. We are not ourselves convinced that they would necessarily apply in the Elizabethan age (when, according to Bacon, “the greatest matters were often carried in the weakest ciphers”) but we remind those who intend to submit their decipherments for critical examination that this is the standard of perfection asked for, and which, if reached, would be accepted by the professional authors of this interesting book.

* * * *

In our book reviews will be found two of an especial interest to those concerned in the Bacon/Shakespeare controversy. Mr. R. L. Eagle reviews *Shakespeare and his Betters* by R. C. Churchill, and Mr. Noel Fermor reviews *The Cult of Shakespeare* by F. E. Halliday. A third book, published in 1957, brings our controversy even more into the limelight and deserves a rather more detailed examination than the space for an ordinary book review will afford. This of course is *The Shakespeare Ciphers Examined* by W. F. and E. S. Friedman, to which we have referred above.

Many of our readers will have seen already reviews of *Shakespeare and his Betters* in *The Times* of May 1st and the *Daily Telegraph* of May 2nd. One cannot help noticing how both reviewers in these two great newspapers reveal their bias in favour of the orthodox viewpoint by the headlines under which their articles appear; in *The Times* “Shakespeare Remains without a Peer”, in the *Daily Telegraph* “It WAS Shakespeare”. Mr. Eagle remarks laconically in a recent letter to us “surely our opponents cannot be unaware of at least some of the many words coined in the first instance by Shakespeare from Latin—i.e. such words as ‘incarnadine’, ‘deracinate’, ‘exsufflicate’, etc., etc.” The conversation on the farm and street at Stratford-on-Avon must have been truly remarkable!

* * * *

In America it seems that a man of learning can be interested in Francis Bacon himself, and even in the Shakespeare controversy and the cyphers, without damage to his reputation as a scholar. Orthodoxy in the U.S.A. is not yet an article of faith. We have had a very interesting letter from the Francis Bacon Foundation Inc. 261, East Colorado Street, Pasadena 1, California. The Foundation possesses a very valuable library and some first-class lecturers. Its President, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Wrigley, writes to say that the Foundation is also awaiting, with interest, our Society's reactions to the Friedman book.

* * * *

In this issue we print the seventh and last article in commemoration of Delia Bacon, in the series entitled *A Pioneer*. This series is shortly to be reprinted in booklet form (price 3/6) through the generosity of a member living abroad. It is hoped that those who have been interested in Delia, or who have corresponded with the writer of this memoir will help to establish her name and memory by purchasing a copy or placing one in a library where there is no true account of her, or the work she undertook.

* * * *

Our President was recently invited by the editors of *Ariel*, the Winchester College magazine, to write a special contribution summarising very briefly the Baconian theory. This was printed in the Spring number under the title *Will o' the Wisp*, and is now being reprinted privately with some interesting illustrations. We believe it will provide a light and useful approach to the Bacon/Shakespeare controversy, especially for those who debate or lecture on the subject. Perhaps the general tenor of the booklet may be summarised in the final words: "over to you." The price to members will be 2/- post free, and we hope that they will encourage our President in his activities, by ordering some copies from the stock which he is presenting to us.

* * * *

Unfortunately we were unable to reproduce Mr. Robert Riegle's "sail-diagram" in our last issue. However we now have pleasure in doing this, and in printing another interesting contribution from this writer. The diagram should be studied with the description given on page 102 *et sequitur* in the November *Baconiana*. The principles involved are applicable to the other experiments detailed in the two articles, and are as recommended by Bacon. It cannot be doubted

that there is an enormous field of knowledge to be explored: we are grateful to Mr. Riegle for so admirably illustrating this point.

* * * *

Some of our members at home and abroad whose interest in the Society is deep enough to be called a life interest, have asked us if we cannot simplify the collection of annual subscriptions and posting of reminders by drawing up a Bankers' Order Form. Such a form will be found inserted in this issue of *Baconiana* for use if convenient to you. Completion of this with your name and address and that of your bankers, and its signing and return to the Secretary of our Society, will simply mean that your annual subscription is automatically sent to us directly by your bankers, until you yourself cancel the Order.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEARNED LADIES

By R. L. EAGLE

There were no schools for girls in Tudor times. The education of daughters was confined to those parents who could afford to engage private tutors—and not all of those, by any means, were interested in scholarship so far as girls were concerned. Harold Bayley in *The Shakespeare Symphony* (p. 204) quotes a letter from Elizabeth, Duchess of Norfolk, to her brother, Lord Stafford, which was originally printed in Mrs. Everett Green's *Letters of Illustrious Ladies*. The crude spelling and general illiteracy are such that Mrs. Green found it necessary to translate it into readable English!

Shakespeare's aristocratic young ladies are, however, well-spoken and highly educated. Perhaps they are somewhat idealized, but the fact remains that the type would be utterly unfamiliar to the Bankside player. Only a cultured aristocrat would have come into personal contact with such exceptional women, to know and to understand them.

There is no record of Bacon's education before he went to Trinity, Cambridge, at the age of twelve. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that he was educated at home either by tutors or by his learned mother, Lady Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke (who had been tutor to the young King Edward VI). She was proficient in Latin, Greek, French and Italian. In 1550 she gave an early specimen of her industry and learning in her translation from Italian into English of the sermons of Bernardine Ochine. My remarks as to the early education of Francis apply equally to his elder brother, Anthony.

There is a scene in *The Taming of the Shrew* (III, i), where Bianca is being given a lesson in Latin translation from the first book of Ovid's *Heroides*. Imogen, in *Cymbeline* (II, 2), has gone to bed and, before sleep, had been reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (Book VI, Fable V), which tells the story of Tereus and Philomela:

She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; and here's the leaf turned down
Where Philomel gave up.

I wonder if this Ovidian fable was a favourite with such young ladies? Curiously enough, Lavinia, in *Titus Andronicus*, turns the leaves to the same story to demonstrate the horrible experience which had befallen her. The grandson of Titus says:

Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:
My mother gave it me.

The sixteen-year-old Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* was familiar with Book V of the *Metamorphoses* where she talks of Dis and Proserpina, though I have never ceased to wonder how she learned to read anything, having been brought up in the cottage of an illiterate shepherd! Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* was also familiar with the

same classic (Book VII), for she talks about Medea "and the enchanted herbs that did renew old Aeson." I wonder how many people who read this play, or hear it from the stage, have the slightest idea what Portia means where she says:

Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go Hercules!
Live thou, I live.*

The walls of Troy (originally Dardania) were said to have been built by Apollo and Neptune for King Laomedon who refused to give the gods the rewards he had promised. Neptune thereupon punished him by inundation of his country. Laomedon is then obliged to expose his daughter, Hesione, as a sacrifice to a sea-monster in order to appease the god. Alcides (Hercules) delivers her from the rock to which she was chained.

There is nothing about the Dardanian wives viewing the exploit in the story as told by Ovid in *Metamorphoses* XI, Fable 4. They represent in Portia's imagination the ladies in attendance in the Bassanio casket scene. Portia's knowledge and understanding are such that she must have also been familiar with the *Argonautica* of Caius Valerius Flaccus, where the fable is told in greater detail. Portia sees herself as Hesione bound down by her father's condition of marriage by the lottery of the caskets, and she hopes for deliverance by the "young Alcides," Bassanio.

When Juliet cries:

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phoebus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

she is thinking of the fable in the first part of the second book of *Metamorphoses* which tells the story of Phaeton taking over the chariot of his father, Phoebus, and driving it furiously towards the west, which is Phoebus' "lodging". As a lover, she longs for "rude day's eyes" to shut, and the coming of "civil night". Juliet was only fourteen, but she had been well tutored.

Shakspeare was, from about 1598 to 1604, lodging with a wig-maker in Muggle Street, Clerkenwell. The poet was then at the height of his powers. Is it reasonable to suggest that such ladies as I have mentioned as examples were more likely to be encountered in a country seat and home of learning, like Gorhambury, than at the lodgings of the Bankside player?

*We might wonder how "the shouting varlety" of the play houses reacted to Shakespeare's classicisms. I should imagine the plays were "cut" enormously.

A PIONEER VII

By M.P.

*The greatest things are owing to their beginnings;
it is enough for me that I have sown to posterity . .*

(Advancement of Learning, Book IX)

The great gift of civilisation, the relief of man's estate on earth—the "commonweal" as Francis Bacon liked to call it—was the inspiration and peaceful purpose of his life. So also was it the inspiration of Delia, working alone in her self-chosen isolation. She too was possessed of a prophetic soul, dreaming on things to come, but it was geared to an over-sensitive mind which shrank from practical politics. As long as her book could be preserved for posterity, it was no concern of hers to make it more intelligible to the ordinary reader. Unlike her master, she made no concessions at all, no relief, no effort to enter the mind "obliquely", no effort to avoid splintering her lance on the towers of convention, credulity and vested interest. Her theory was indeed a legitimate challenge to orthodox scholarship; but her book, marred by a missionary zeal which could find no other outlet, became almost unreadable. Nevertheless, there is to be found in it a vein of pure gold. She stood for the truth, and for what Bacon had called "good in earnest".

The distinction between a visionary who was compelled to work in solitude, and one like Bacon who went forth boldly to fashion the world in the image of his vision, may be noted in their letters . . .

(From Bacon to Lord Burleigh, *circa* 1592)

"Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends, as I have moderate civil ends; *for I have taken all knowledge to be my province*; and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations and verbosities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils—I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions . . . This is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. And *I do easily see, that place of any reasonable countenance doth bring commandment of more wits than of a man's own*; which is the thing I greatly affect."

Here are the indications of political *savoir faire*, of executive ability and leadership, of getting the best out of others, which Delia in her solitude was in no position to exercise. During the years 1851 to 1857 when writing her book, she seems to have been living in a prolonged state of meditation, quite oblivious of personal discomforts and shabby surroundings for months on end. Some of the letters she wrote during

this period show how great was the reward of peace and calm while this meditative state persisted and her research was going forward

From D.B. (at St. Albans) to Emerson.

"I am enabled to stay here so long, in consequence of having reduced my expenses as soon as I resolved upon this course. The money that I brought with me, which was supposed to be only enough for the first summer, was spun out by this process till the close of the second; and now that I have begun to encroach upon the very ample sum allotted for my return, I am more prudent than ever and as I think only of finishing my work, and have no other future, and this is enough and more than enough for that purpose, I do not see why I should spend so large a sum merely for the sake of being in America. . . . I have some beloved friends there, but my life was finished some time ago in every other respect but this; and as this is the world's work and not mine that I am doing, I suppose the expense of it will have to be paid in some way.

"So I do not trouble myself about it, and am as happy as the day is long, and only wish I lived in Herschel or Jupiter or some of those larger worlds, where it would not be time to go to bed just as one gets fairly awake, and begins to be in earnest a little. I have lived here nearly a year, and have not spoken to one of the natives yet, except by accident; but I have not felt my solitude. It has been a year of sunshine with me; the harvest of many years of toil and weeping. I cannot tell you what pleasures I have had here. This poor perturbed spirit, that had left its work undone, and would not leave me alone till it had brought me here, seems satisfied at last. My work has ceased to be burdensome to me; I find in it a rest such as no one else can ever know, I think, except in heaven. But that is not saying that the world will be pleased with it. I hope it will not disappoint the expectation of those who have made themselves responsible for it, in any manner; and, above all, I hope that you will like it, and will have no occasion to regret it.

"It has been a great and constant help to me to have two such friends as yourself and Carlyle interested in it. Carlyle is as good and kind as he can be. He is very much troubled about my being here so long alone."

D.B. to Hawthorne.

"If it were anything in the world but what it is—a science—a science that the world is waiting for, I could not do and suffer what I have done and suffered on its behalf. I ought not to hesitate at all to ask for all the help I need in it, for it is a work which the Providence of the world has imposed on me, and I have cast into its treasury not only all the living that I had, such as it was, but my life also"

But she did hesitate to ask for the help she needed; and although she cast her life into the scales, that momentous "science"—that science of the soul and affections which the author of the *New Atlantis* had mapped out, and for the recognition of which she had laboured so devotedly—that science was to lie untouched and rejected for at least

another century. This mercifully she was not to know. But after her work was finished, and when she was utterly exhausted, a terrible ordeal was to come upon her. From her sick-bed in the comfortable lodgings of Mrs. Terrett, where she might have slowly recovered her health, she rose too soon and went forth recklessly to face the midnight hour in the old church at Stratford-on-Avon, imbued with some vague notion of raising the stone of Will Shaxpere's grave. No more vivid description of this last scene, and of the dreadful onset of doubt and indecision which then assailed her, can be given than in the words of Hawthorne himself

"Months before that (the publication of the book) happened, however, Miss Bacon had taken up her residence at Stratford-on-Avon, drawn thither by the magnetism of those rich secrets which she supposed to have been hidden by Raleigh, or Bacon, or I know not whom, in Shakespeare's grave, and protected there by a curse, as pirates used to bury their gold in the guardianship of a fiend. She took a humble lodging and began to haunt the church like a ghost. But she did not condescend to any stratagem or underhand attempt to violate the grave, which, had she been capable of admitting such an idea, might possibly have been accomplished by the aid of a resurrection-man. As her first step, she made acquaintance with the clerk, and began to sound him as to the feasibility of her enterprise and his own willingness to engage in it. The clerk apparently listened with not unfavourable ears; but as his situation (which the fees of pilgrims, more numerous than at any Catholic shrine, render lucrative) would have been forfeited by any malfeasance in office, he stipulated for liberty to consult the vicar. Miss Bacon requested to tell her own story to the reverend gentleman, and seems to have been received by him with the utmost kindness, and even to have succeeded in making a certain impression on his mind as to the desirability of the search. As their interview had been under the seal of secrecy, he asked permission to consult a friend, who, as Miss Bacon either found out or surmised, was a practitioner of the law. What the legal friend advised she did not learn; but the negotiation continued, and certainly was never broken off by an absolute refusal on the vicar's part. He, perhaps, was kindly temporizing with our poor countrywoman, whom an Englishman of ordinary mould would have sent to a lunatic asylum at once. I cannot help fancying, however, that her familiarity with the events of Shakespeare's life, and of his death and burial (of which she would speak as if she had been present at the edge of the grave) and all the history, literature and personalities of the Elizabethan age, together with the prevailing power of her own belief, and the eloquence with which she knew how to enforce it, had really gone some little way toward making a convert of the good clergyman. If so, I honour him above all the hierarchy of England.

The affair certainly looked very hopeful. However erroneously, Miss Bacon had understood from the vicar that no obstacles would be interposed to the investigation, and that he himself would sanction it with his presence. It was to take place after nightfall; and all preliminary arrangements being made, the vicar and clerk professed to wait only her word in order to

set about lifting the awful stone from the sepulchre. So, at least, Miss Bacon believed; and as her bewilderment was entirely in her own thoughts, and never disturbed her perception or accurate remembrance of external things, I see no reason to doubt it, except it be the tinge of absurdity in the fact. But, in this apparently prosperous state of things, her own convictions began to falter. A doubt stole into her mind whether she might have mistaken the depository and mode of concealment of those historic treasures; and after admitting the doubt, she was afraid to hazard the shock of uplifting the stone and finding nothing. She examined the surface of the gravestone, and endeavored, without stirring it, to estimate whether it were of such thickness as to be capable of containing the archives of the Elizabethan "club". She went over anew the proofs, the clues, the enigmas, the pregnant sentences which she had discovered in Bacon's letters and elsewhere, and now was frightened to perceive that they did not point so definitely to Shakespeare's tomb as she had heretofore supposed. There was an unmistakably distinct reference to a tomb, but it might be Bacon's, or Raleigh's, or Spenser's; and instead of the "Old Player", as she profanely called him, it might be either of those three illustrious dead, poet, warrior, or statesman, whose ashes, in Westminster Abbey, or the Tower burial ground, or wherever they sleep, it was her mission to disturb. It is very possible, moreover, that her acute mind may always have had a lurking and deeply latent distrust of its own fantasies, and that this now became strong enough to restrain her from a decisive step.

But she continued to hover around the Church, and seems to have had full freedom of entrance in the day time, and special license on one occasion at least, at a late hour of the night. She went thither with a dark lantern, which could but twinkle like a glow-worm through the volume of obscurity that filled the great dusky edifice. Groping her way up the aisle and towards the chancel, she sat down on the elevated part of the pavement above Shakespeare's grave. If the divine poet really wrote the inscription there, and cared as much about the quiet of his bones as its deprecatory earnestness would imply, it was time for those crumbling relics to bestir themselves under her sacrilegious feet. But they were safe. She made no attempt to disturb them; though, I believe, she looked narrowly into the crevices between Shakespeare's and the two adjacent stones, and in some way satisfied herself that her single strength would suffice to lift the former, in case of need. She threw the feeble ray of her lantern up towards the bust, but could not make it visible beneath the darkness of the vaulted roof. Had she been subject to superstitious terrors, it is impossible to conceive of a situation that could better entitle her to feel them, or, if Shakespeare's ghost would rise at any provocation, it must have shown itself then; but it is my sincere belief, that, if his figure had appeared within the scope of her dark-lantern, in his slashed doublet and gown, and with his eyes bent on her beneath the high, bald forehead, just as we can see him in the bust, she would have met him fearlessly and controverted his claims to the authorship of the plays to his very face. She had taught herself to condemn "Lord Leicester's

groom" (it was one of her disdainful epithets for the world's incomparable poet) so thoroughly, that even his disembodied spirit would hardly have found civil treatment at Miss Bacon's hands.

Her vigil, though it appears to have had no definite object, continued far into the night. Several times she heard a low movement in the aisles; a stealthy dubious footfall prowling about in the darkness, now here, now there, among the pillars and ancient tombs, as if some restless inhabitant of the latter had crept forth to peep at the intruder. By and by the clerk made his appearance, and confessed that he had been watching her ever since she entered the church.

About this time it was that a strange sort of weariness seems to have fallen upon her; her toil was all but done, her great purpose, as she believed, on the very point of accomplishment, when she began to regret that so stupendous a mission had been imposed on the fragility of a woman. Her faith in the new philosophy was as mighty as ever, and so was her confidence in her own adequate development of it, now about to be given to the world; yet she wished, or fancied so, that it might never have been her duty to achieve this unparalleled task, and to stagger feebly forward under her immense burden of responsibility and renown. So far as her personal concern in the matter went, she would gladly have forfeited the reward of her patient study and labor for so many years, her exile from her country and estrangement from her family and friends, her sacrifice of health and all other interests to this one pursuit, if she could only find herself free to dwell in Stratford and be forgotten. She liked the slumbrous old town, and awarded the only praise that ever I knew her to bestow on Shakespeare, the individual man, by acknowledging that his taste in a residence was good, and that he knew how to choose a suitable retirement for a person of shy but genial temperament. And at this point, I cease to possess the means of tracing her vicissitudes of feeling any further. In consequence of some advice which I fancied it my duty to tender, as being the only confidant, whom she now had in the world, I fell under Miss Bacon's most severe and passionate displeasure, and was cast off by her in the twinkling of an eye. It was a misfortune to which her friends were always particularly liable; but I think that none of them ever loved, or even respected, her most ingenuous and noble, but likewise most sensitive and tumultuous character, the less for it."

Here is tragedy with almost a touch of the grotesque. As Hawthorne laconically observes, even the ghostly apparition of the "Old Player" would have quite failed to shake Delia's controversion of its claims. Her story, like that of King Lear, recalls that intriguing double entry in Francis Bacon's notebook of 1594.*

"Ijsdem e'literis efficitur tragaedia et comedia . . .

Tragedies and Comedies are made of one alphabet".

Delia's self-sacrifice is bound to seem senseless to those who, for conventional reasons, decline to recognise that a great problem of

literature and philosophy is still unsolved. Her critics have seldom read her book, and it is doubtful if they possess the same intimate knowledge of the subject. It cannot therefore be required of her to submit to the judgment of the very Court which she herself called in question. All who knew her were impressed by her knowledge and command of her subject. Hawthorne, in his preface to her book, closes on a note of genuine admiration

" after listening to the author's interpretation of the Plays, and seeing how wide a scope she assigns to them, how high a purpose, and what richness of inner meaning, the thoughtful reader will hardly return again—not wholly, at all events—to the common view of them and their author. It is for the public to say whether my countrywoman has proved her theory. In the worst event, if she has failed, her failure will be more honorable than most people's triumphs; since it must fling upon the old tombstone, at Stratford-on-Avon, the noblest tributary wreath that has ever lain there."

In later life Hawthorne expands the same happy thought

"What she may have suffered before her intellect gave way, we had better not try to imagine. No author had ever hoped so confidently as she; none ever failed more utterly. A superstitious fancy might suggest that the anathema on Shakespeare's tombstone had fallen heavily on her head in requital of even the unaccomplished purpose of disturbing the dust beneath, and that the 'Old Player' had kept so quietly in his grave, on the night of her vigil, because he foresaw how soon and terribly he would be avenged. But if that benign spirit takes any care or cognizance of such things now, he had surely requited the injustice that she sought to do him—the high justice that she really did—by a tenderness of love and pity of which only he could be capable. What matters it though she called him by some other name? He had wrought a greater miracle on her than on all the world besides. *This bewildered enthusiast had recognized a depth in the man whom she decried, which scholars, critics, and learned societies devoted to the elucidation of his unrivalled scenes, had never imagined to exist there.* She had paid him the loftiest honor that all these ages of renown have been able to accumulate upon his memory. And when, not many months after the outward failure of her lifelong object, she passed into the better world, I know not why we should hesitate to believe that the immortal poet may have met her on the threshold and led her in, reassuring her with friendly and comfortable words, and thanking her (yet with a smile of gentle humor in his eyes at the thought of certain mistaken speculations) for having interpreted him to mankind so well."

It is hard to be critical of so fine a passage as this. But while it recognises the exceptional talents and insight of Delia it countenances the very errors which she had tried so hard to expose. The real author of the plays, in whom she had recognised so great a depth, was not "the man she decried". Hawthorne, if he had ever read her book, had not quite understood it. On the possibility of an Elizabethan secret brotherhood, led by such men as Bacon, Raleigh and Sidney,

he has no comment to make. It is to the "Old Player" that he automatically returns—a dummy that he must still invest with that "smile of gentle humour" at the thought of Delia's mistaken speculations.

The persistence of the Stratford legend is proverbial; it is now almost a secular creed. It was hopeless for Delia, in the middle of the Victorian age, to suggest that tradition might be wrong. Tradition was not then a matter to be discussed upon evidence, it was sacrosanct, and to challenge it was an affront to polite society.

There is an excellent psychological reason why orthodox scholarship is so concerned to repudiate any suggestion of Lord Bacon's connection with Shake-speare. This is to protect the Bard (whom all admire, whoever he was) from the stigma of Lord Bacon's supposed corruption, which they in their ignorance take for granted. It matters not that he was beloved and respected by the greatest of his time, that Raleigh admired him, that Ben Jonson revered him as "the greatest man that had been in many ages" and that Falkland and Herbert loved him. It suffices for his detractors that Edward Coke envied and hated him, that D'Ewes, Weldon, Wilson and Macaulay (discredited witnesses all) have traduced and libelled him. The difficulty in which men of letters, jealous of their professional honour, were placed in accepting or rejecting Bacon, did not escape the discerning eye of Delia

"But a great man, consciously great, who knows that his most trifling letter is liable to publication; a man of fame, writing letters expressly for publication, and dedicating them to the far-off times; a man of poetic sensibilities, alive to the finest shades of moral differences; one of unparalleled dignity and grandeur of aims—aims pursued from youth to age, without wavering, to their successful issue; a man whose aim in life it was to advance, and ennoble, and enrich his kind; such a one sending down along with the works in which the nobility and grandeur of his ends are proved, memorials of himself which exhibit on the surface of them, the most odious character in history; this is the phenomenon which our men of learning have found themselves called upon to encounter here."

"To separate the man and the philosopher—to fly out upon the man, to throw him overboard with every expression of animosity and disgust, to make him out as bad as possible, to collect diligently every scrap of evidence against him, and set it forth with every conceivable aggravation—this has been the recourse of an indignant scholarship, bent on uttering its protest in some form."

Those who must still continue monotonously to thump the big drum of Macaulay, should read these lines. For there have been men in the world who, in seeking all knowledge were content to remain unknown, and, undetected by all but a few, constantly sought the sacrifice before the feast. Of this great company was Francis Bacon.

The last sad scene of this personal tragedy was, in the words of Theodore Bacon, as dramatic as any

"There came to England late in March, on his rapid way homeward by what was called the "Overland Route," from a two years' cruise in an American frigate in the China Seas, one of the sons—the one best beloved by all who knew him—of her eldest brother. He was a young man not yet twenty-two years of age; and as he hurried in the eagerness of youthful home-sickness, unwilling to spare an hour even for the delights of the England which he had never seen, he remembered nevertheless the relative whom he had heard to be somewhere there, alone, but of whose sickness and distraction he had heard nothing. Finding that she had been at Stratford, he hastened there, and was shocked to learn where she was, and in what condition. Without opportunity to consult those who had authority to act or advise, the young man assumed the responsibility which rested nowhere else in England. He surrendered the passage homeward already engaged for himself; delayed his departure a week, and took with him, when he embarked for home, the unhappy woman who had known him in childhood, and to whom when he appeared to her at Henley, a thousand pleasant recollections of her earlier years came up to dispel the hallucinations which had possessed her."

Admittedly she was then a helpless case. But up to the time of her mental breakdown, she had been as charming and as sane as any single-minded and devoted person could be. The delightful letter written to Mrs. Hawthorne in August 1856* bears ample witness to this. How else could she have commanded the respect and admiration of Emerson, Carlyle, Hawthorne, and the kindly vicar of the Stratford Church? These were men of discernment, each of whom was willing to befriend and encourage her, and to respect her knowledge and erudition. So certain was she of the importance of her discovery, and of the overwhelming evidence which would one day support it, that she could write such intensely Baconian words as these in the conclusion to her book

"The demonstrated fact must stand. The true mind must receive it. Because our learning is not equal to the task of reconciling it with that which we want to know already, or with that which we believe we knew, we must not on that account reject it. That is to hurt ourselves. That is to destroy the principle of integrity at its source. We must take our facts and reconcile them if we can; and let them take care of themselves if we cannot. God is greater than we are, and whatever other sacrifices he may require of us, to make away with facts for the sake of advancing truths is a thing which he never does, and never did require of any mind. The conclusion that requires facts to be dispensed with, or shorn on either side, to make it tenable, is not going to stand, let it come in what name, or with what authority it will; because the truth of history is, in its least particular, of a universal quality, and is much more potent than anything that the opinion and will of man can oppose to it."

"It is the true history of these great events in which the hidden

*Quoted *in extenso* in *Baconiana* No. 150 (page 104) where, however, the date was misprinted.

great men of this age played so deep a part which is still wanting. It is the true history of the initiation of that great popular movement—that blasting evidence which the Learning of the Modern Ages has always carried in its stricken heart—it is that which is wanting to the complete development of the views contained here.”

“To the mind which is able to receive under all conditions the demonstrated truth, and give to it its full weight—to the mind to which truth is religion—this book is dedicated.”

The writer of these eloquent words, to whom truth was clearly religion, intended no disparagement of those to whom some degree of make-believe is necessary, to whom the truth is often less important than the story. For it was our poet-philosopher himself who had recourse to make-believe, who taught spiritual and philosophical truth by means of “feigned histories”. For he well knew the peculiar value of fiction; he well knew that this same truth, of which Delia speaks so fervently, “is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candlelights”.

And if, peradventure, he still sits as he used to sit, chin in hand, gazing into some *New Atlantis* of the future, and watching with a smile the masks and mummeries and triumphs of his greatest fiction of all—that colossal “idol of the theatre” at Stratford—it may be that he will forgive those whose academic position demands a blind allegiance to popular tradition and vested interest. Policy, wrote Bacon, is of all things the most “immersed”; but he understood the altruistic use of it.

The writer of this memoir seeks to supplement on the mental plane the rescue work begun a century ago by a young Lieutenant of the United States Navy returning west-about from Japan. It was thanks to him that his Aunt returned to America instead of ending her days in an asylum at Henley-in-Arden. It was due to him that a cross of brown stone in the old burial ground at New Haven marks the point at which, for Delia, compounds were resolved. And just as Lieutenant George Blagden Bacon, U.S.N., restored the failing body of his distraught relative to her native land, so does the present writer desire to restore the unique quality of her mind to the consideration of those to whom it belongs. For it is a part of the Divine Comedy that vital truth shall often become entangled with laughable absurdity, and that those who aspire to disentangle the same shall themselves be laughed at—Comedies and Tragedies are made of one alphabet.

(Concluded)

IVORY MINIATURES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND FRANCIS BACON IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

By M. V. AMBROS
of Prague, Czechoslovakia

During my recent visit to the County Museum in Cheb, a mediaeval town in Western Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, I found a fascinating collection of sixty-four miniature portraits and medallions carved in ivory. I was particularly struck by two of them, representing Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon. The collection was formerly owned by the State Councillor Dr. Hallwich (1838-1913), Deputy and Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Liberec, and a distinguished student of the Wallenstein period. The Museum acquired it in the first decade of this century, thanks to the efforts of Cheb's outstanding archivist, Dr. Siegel.

The portraits in the collection include the following Emperors and elected Czech Kings: Rudolph II (1552-1612); Maximillian (1527-1576); Matthias (1557-1619); Ferdinand II (1578-1637); Ferdinand III (1608-1657); also Friedrich of Palatine who married Elizabeth the Czech "Winter Queen", daughter of James I of England; Christian I of Denmark; Wilhelm V; Gustave Adolphus II, King of Sweden (1594-1632); several Austrian princes and princesses, e.g., Duke Matthias and Duchess Marguerite of Parma (1522-1586), illegitimate daughter of Emperor Charles V., Regent of Netherlands; Pope Gregory XV (1554-1623), and Cardinal Ferdinand, Spanish Infanta; several well known Austrian generals, who distinguished themselves in the Thirty Years War, and finally various personalities, such as Fugger, the famous ennobled Italian merchant; G. Brahe; Lamboy; M. von Hatzfeld and others, some of whom were not properly identified. There is also a portrait of Queen Mary Stuart (1542-1587) and several medallions, portraits and realistic scenes carved in ivory, relating to Albrecht of Wallenstein (1583-1634), the celebrated Austrian general, pretender to the Czech throne, who was assassinated in Cheb in 1634.

All the miniatures are extremely well executed; the size of four medallions being 2.5×4 cm., and of portraits 7×5 cm., excepting those of Queen Elizabeth, Francis Bacon, and the Duke and Duchess of Parma. These four are the largest, 18×14 cm., including an ebony frame, inlaid with ivory. Fifteen smaller portraits, 7×5 cm., are encircled by decorative ivory—carved oval inner frames, similar to the portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon. (See reproductions.) The additional five portraits are mounted on a black wood background without additional ivory decoration. Two characteristics are common to the whole collection: portraits are grouped in pairs, forming counter-



ELISABETH,
NATUS ANNO 1511
MORTUO ANNO 1561.



Joan. Franciscus Bland. Reg. v. Virg.
Sen. V. C. 1548. 1549. 1550. 1551. 1552.
Anno Dom. 1552. Reg. v. Virg.

parts, and *all*, with the exception of the medallions, have exactly the same decoration as a base: i.e., a laurel wreath with an inscription below, similar, but rather simpler than in the portraits of Elizabeth and Bacon.

Full-length portraits of emperors are rectangular, 20 × 7 cm. and all produced in exactly the same way, with a richly carved rectangular ivory frame. The portraits representing the Emperors, Queen Elizabeth, Francis Bacon, and the Duke and Duchess of Parma are all framed, the rest unframed, mounted on black wood backgrounds, with two ivory rosettes in the upper corners of the board. The octagonal frames of the Parma portraits, executed in fine lace-like ivory carving, appear to be the original ones. It is not certain whether the frames of Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon are contemporary, as they are rather simple in comparison to the portraits, although still in good taste.

The origins of the collection can be assigned to the XVIIth century. There is no signature or any mark of the makers. The only exception appears in the portrait of the Queen, which bears in the right corner of the laurel cross-band a well defined monogram. This could be read as J.G., J.C., or J.E.G. Since no artist's mark is found on Bacon's portrait, or on any other, and since the make-up of all of them shows a high degree of similarity, i.e., ivory inner frames, laurel-wreaths, inscription tablets and two rosettes on the smaller portraits, it may be presumed that they are all—possibly with the exception of the medallions,—from the same workshop. It is a well-attested fact that only the most outstanding pieces were signed or initialled in similar group collections. In our case the portrait of Queen Elizabeth certainly excels in the richness of its carving and in the delicacy of its face-modelling. Next in quality of craftsmanship is the portrait of Francis Bacon, after which follow those of the Parmas, and some Wallenstein portraits.

The initials J.G., or J.C., suggest several names, for instance Görtlizer of Vienna (1670), or Cavalier (Jean Chevalier) of London and Berlin (1680-1707). Nothing positive, of course, can be stated, until the mark is identified. Handbooks on ivory carving, available in Prague, have been consulted so far without success.

The miniatures are most probably of German origin and craftsmanship, although surprisingly beautiful ivory carvings were produced by Czech artists during and after the reign of the Austrian Emperor and Czech King Rudolph II (1552-1612), inspired mostly by Chinese carvings. The collecting of small objects of art started only at the end of the Renaissance and was developed especially in the Baroque period, of which we are speaking. Rudolph II was one of the greatest European collectors of his time. Several Englishmen lived at his Court in Prague, including the alchemists Dee and Kelly, and others at a later stage. The possibility that the present collection might have been ordered by some of them, cannot be ruled out, until something more definite comes to light. Both carvings are modelled on the well-known published portraits of the persons represented; in the case of Francis

Bacon the plate from *Sylva Sylvarum* was copied in considerable detail, thus suggesting the year of its publication, 1627, as the first probable date of origin, bearing in mind that the year of his death, 1626, is already recorded on the tablet.

The portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon appear rather surprisingly in this collection since as a whole it is related mostly to the contemporary period and the history of the Thirty Years' War, called also the Wallenstein period. These two distinguished models do not enter this Continental framework and their execution calls for further inquiry. Conspicuous about them is the identical size, and their counterpart character; this characteristic can be readily accounted for in the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Parma, but not in the former case, where the identical lay-out and craftsmanship seem not fully justified.

Why should a portrait of Francis Bacon be executed to form a counterpart to one of the Queen? There must have existed a reason for it. Who was interested in ordering them to be made with such an unusual and conspicuous similarity? Who was the craftsman, what was his nationality and origin? These and similar questions arose in my mind while inspecting these works of art. The Museum authorities cannot supply any relevant information about the origin of the collection and they agree in principle with the opinions expressed in this article. I am sending it in the hope that readers will be interested in knowing about this collection and its present location. This note may perhaps call out some new and interesting information concerning the life and history of Francis Bacon.

DR. HARVEY, ROBERT FLUDD, AND FRANCIS BACON

In a previous article the question was asked why Dr. Harvey's *De Motu Cordis* was published in Frankfort in 1628 and not in England. We now present further evidence to support the view that Francis Bacon collaborated with William Harvey in his brilliant research work on the blood circulation. Our authority for this statement comes from the William Harvey Exhibition held at The Wellcome Research Institute in Euston Road, where the Historical Medical Library and Museum of Medical Science have for years provided invaluable assistance towards the progress of medical studies.

In 1916, D'Arcy Power contributed *A Revised Chapter in the Life of Dr. William Harvey, 1636*, to the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine*, in which he noted, "Bacon is known to have been a patient of Harvey". This statement we find confirmed in standard books of reference, and it establishes the close personal ties between the two men. An earlier associate of Harvey was Robert Fludd (1574-1637) the well-known mystical philosopher and Rosicrucian, who was admitted a member of the Royal College of Physicians in the same year as Dr. Harvey, both having previously graduated from the University of Padua. This parallel between the careers of the two men is very significant when considered with the statement that "it is believed it may have been due to Fludd's influence that *De Motu* was published in Frankfurt". The printer was William Fitzer, who took over the business from Fludd. The original text seems to have had many errors, as 126 errata were corrected in later copies. The exhibition caption writer adds: "It is probable that Harvey entrusted his work to the young and inexperienced William Fitzer at the suggestion of his friend Dr. Robert Fludd". May we venture, with great respect, to question the assumption that Dr. Fludd, an eminent physician and distinguished contemporary of Harvey, would have knowingly acquiesced in the incorrect printing of such an important book as *De Motu Cordis*? These men were vitally concerned in the enunciation of medical *principia* developed from the teachings of their famous tutor, Fabricius, Professor at the University of Padua. We suggested before that Baconians might find significance in these and other printing errors. We still adhere to this view; Fitzer's relations with Fludd were by no means purely commercial; he was an Englishman, Fludd's son-in-law, the printer of all his books, and the designer of the vignette in the *De Motu* title-page.

There is clear evidence that Bacon was working for the advancement of all branches of learning, not only through his own acknowledged writings and his "good pens", but also through the encouragement of practical experimental work. The Royal Society originated in 1645 with the informal meetings of a group of eminent men interested

in experimental science, and representing theology, medicine and chemistry. Boyle joined this group in 1654. "Francis Bacon was regarded as the glorious inspirer of the project", we are told in unambiguous terms. We are also informed that there was, "as far as is known, no direct connection with Harvey and the inception of the Royal Society", although among its Original Fellows there were many of his earliest supporters.

Without further investigation we cannot say if Harvey was in Frankfurt before 1636 when he was deputed to accompany the 2nd Earl of Arundel to Vienna; but he is known to have visited the German town in May and November of that year. In 1630 Harvey also visited the Continent, being commanded by Charles I to accompany the Duke of Lennox on a tour, principally in Italy, but on both occasions he made personal trips on his own.

We would add that, although *De Motu* aroused fierce controversy in this country and abroad, Harvey made no reply until 1649, with *De Circulatione Sanguinis*, published at Cambridge and forming an appendix to the larger work. The first English translation of *De Motu* was not printed until 1653, four years before his death. His chief works in Latin have only twice been published in collected form, the Leyden edition being the first. The large frontispiece on the title-page carries the curious and perhaps significant inscription, *Vita sine Litteris mors est*.

N.F.

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TOWARDS A MORE CORRECT BIOGRAPHY OF FRANCIS BACON

(extracts from an essay by the late Parker Woodward)

Part VI

And those who have true skill in the works of the Lord Verulam, like great masters in painting, can tell by the design, the strength, the way of colouring, whether he was the author of this or the other piece though his name be not on it.—(ARCHBISHOP TENISON: Baconiana, 1679).

THE YEAR 1595/6

The Queen and Francis were now on amiable terms. On 30th May, writing to Anthony Bacon, Francis said, "I do find in the speech of some ladies and the very face of this Court some addition of reputation . . . The Queen saluted me to-day as she went to chapel." Francis ever stirred by kindness, seems to have responded with the *Epithalamion*, printed this year, and a collection of sonnets called the *Amoretti*, both title-paged to the still absent Irish official, Spenser. Two curious introductory sonnets signed "G.W. Senior" and "G.W.J." make one wonder if his secret literary society, of which he was Grand Master, had also its senior and junior Grand Wardens, like the topmost Freemasons' Lodge, but this of course is only surmise. At the same time, Mr. Spedding considered the device of the "Order of the Helmet", 1594/5, to be the germ of the *New Atlantis*. The deliberate omission of an important verse about the dead from the 1597 quarto of the *Shepheards Kalendar* also points to the probability that a secret society under the "helm of Pluto", devoted to Francis and to literary schemes, had been established by that date.

Francis, on 17th January, gave the *Tale of Troy* accompanied by a letter in his handwriting, but signed with his pen-name George Peele, under which vizard the poem had been printed in 1589. Burleigh would hardly have kept that letter had it been written by the dissolute person who bore the name of Peele, but Francis was a well-known figure within the verge of the Court. After Burleigh's death the poem was reprinted for sale to the public. Francis celebrated his return to favour at Court in Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*, in which he wrote delightfully of the Queen and her courtiers. Colin Clout he meant as himself restored to the Court, this being the name under which Francis "secretly shadowed himself", as will be seen in the "Glosse to the Januarie Embleme", in the *Shepheards Kalendar*, 1580. At the time of the publication of *Colin Clout* none of the several editions of the *Kalendar* had been title-paged to Spenser.

Another instance of his merry disposition was the publication of a group of satires and eclogues under the title of *A Fig for Momus*, title-paged to Lodge, to whom he also title-paged a euphuistic romance called *A Margarite of America*. In *Never too Late*, 1590 (Greene), he had discussed the value of Margarites¹ of the West. The preface to *A Margarite* contains some eulogistic remarks about the French poet Desportes, then alive, whom Francis must have met in France. Their earlier versifying methods were similar. At one time in the previous year Francis had contemplated a literary life abroad, and he may have been corresponding with Desportes with a view to taking up his residence in France. It may be that he also renewed his riotous jesting at the expense of old friend Harvey, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, ascribed to Nash.

Astrophel, an elegy on Sir Philip Sidney written some years previously, was at last published under the name of Spenser, the family reasons for deferring it—*viz.*, the affair with Stella, Lady Rich—having been removed. Four Hymnes were dedicated by Francis, in the name of Spenser, to the sisters, Ladies Cumberland and Warwick, the latter being his widowed aunt. A daughter of Lady Cumberland, that is to say, the Countess of Dorset (afterwards known as Lady Ann Clifford), is said to have paid for the erection of the Spenser monument in Westminster Abbey in 1620. Was this a provision for the earthly remains of Francis when he died? For the Queen he seems to have written a summary of the Irish situation, at that time complicated by the rebellion of Tyrone. It was not printed in his lifetime, but was circulated in manuscript in 1596 and was called *A Vewe of Ireland*. The name of Spenser became associated with it in 1611, and it was first printed in 1633. Its purpose was to persuade the Queen to adopt a firmer and more consistent policy in Ireland; a policy in every respect consistent with that advocated by Bacon in his acknowledged writings.

In this period, 1595/6, Francis showed much firmness with Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. In a letter which Francis wrote to Robert there is the remark, "Consider first whether I have not reason to think that your fortune comprehendeth mine." There is evidence that Francis was now on good terms with the Queen in a letter from Anthony Bacon to his mother, dated 31st December, in which Anthony stated that during the Christmas holidays Francis had received gracious usage and speech from the Queen.

THE YEAR 1596/7

The publication in France in 1595 of the final and posthumous edition of Montaigne's *Essays* seems to have drawn the attention of Francis to that form of writing. He may be regarded as the most likely writer of a set of *Essays* entitled *Remedies against Discontentment*, by "Anonimous", London. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, second part, and *Prothalamium*, were published to celebrate the marriages of the Earl of Worcester's daughters. These took place at Leicester House in the

¹ *i.e.*, *Pearls*.

Strand. The *Faerie Queene*, second part, may, however, have been printed the previous year. The *Prothalamium* is very beautiful, each verse ending with the refrain:

"Sweet Thames runne softly till I end my song."

One of the verses contains reminiscences of the poet:

"At length they all to merry London came
To merry London my most kindly nurse
That to me gave this life's first native source;
Though from another place I take my name
An house of ancient fame."

The author makes allusions to "Mona Caesaris" (or Anglesea), in the *Faerie Queene* (Third Book, Canto III.):

"Of Mona where it lurked in exile
Which shall break forth into bright burning flame
And reach into the house that bears the stile
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name."

Francis seems mostly to have had a good opinion of the Earl of Leicester who, after his quarrel with and separation from the Queen in 1578, married Lettice, the widow of Walter, first Earl of Essex. Friendly relations were, however, soon renewed between the Queen and Leicester.

Francis seems to have published two plays anonymously this year (1596/7)—viz., *Romeo and Juliet* and *Edward III*. He may also have printed, in the name of "Lyly", an old Court comedy performed by the Chapel children and called *Woman in the Moon*. The year seemed to have been mostly one of depression for Francis after the joy of the previous year had worn out. The reasons were not far to seek. Francis was short of money, and Essex was insubordinate and creating fresh difficulties with the Queen. For a fortnight from 25th February Essex had sulked in his room at the Court, alleging that he was ill.

Concerning money matters, a pressing letter from Francis to Lord Burleigh shows clearly once more that the old lord had helped him considerably from time to time:

"And therefore, my singular good Lord, ex abundantia cordis, I must acknowledge how greatly and diversely your Lordship hath vouchsafed to tie me unto you by many your benefits. The reversion of the office which your Lordship only procured unto me, and carried through great and vehement opposition, though it yet bear no fruit, yet it is one of the fairest flowers of my poor estate; your Lordship's constant and serious endeavours to have me Solicitor; your late honourable wishes for the place of the Wards; together with your Lordship's attempt to give me way by the remove of Mr. Solicitor, they be matters of singular obligation; by your Lordship's grants for yourself, as by your commendation to others which I have had for my help . . . Lastly I most humbly desire your Lordship to continue unto me the good favours and countenance and encouragement in the course of my poor travails (works), whereof I have had some taste and experience; for the which, I yield your Lordship my very humble good thanks."

It may not have been entirely under the stress of his finances that he sought to marry Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the young, handsome, and rich widow for whom (despite his love memories of the Court of Navarre) Francis always evinced a strong liking. She was a daughter of his friend, Sir Thomas Cecil (Burleigh's eldest son), and widow of the wealthy son of the deceased Sir Christopher Hatton. It was probably to her that Francis in the name of "Greene" had dedicated his Elegy upon "Sir Christopher". The marriage did not eventuate (perhaps the Queen would not sanction it), but Francis and Lady Hatton were close friends for many years.

Towards the end of 1596/7 Francis was busy conducting important bills through Parliament. One bill provided that all land turned into pasture since the Queen's accession should be restored to arable. Here are a few words of his speech:

"The old commendation of Italy by the poet is, *Potens viris aetque ubere gleba*; and it stands not to the policy of the State, that the wealth of the kingdom should be engrossed into a few pasturers' hands."

Today we know only too well how right he was in this view.

(To be continued)

“SHAKESPEARE” AND FLOWERS

By EDWARD D. JOHNSON

The following is an alphabetical list of the flowers which are mentioned in the “Shakespeare” plays. Bear’s-foot, bluebell, burnet, camomile, cardamom, carnation, clover, columbine, corn-cockle, cowslip, crow-flower, crown-imperial, crocus, cuckoo-flower, daffodil, daisy, eglantine, flag, fleur-de-lis, French marigold, fumitory, gilly-flower, harebell, heart’s-ease, honeysuckle, holy thistle, lavender, lilies of all kinds, lilies of the valley, ling, long-purple, love-in-idleness, marybuds, marjoram, myrtle, musk rose, oxslip, pansy, peony, pimpernel, pinks of all sorts, poppy, primrose, rose-campion, roses of all kinds, rosemary, sweet-briar, thyme, tulip, violet, woodbine.

Will Shakspeare, wandering along the lanes and hedgerows round about Stratford-on-Avon may have learnt the names of certain wild flowers, but it must be remembered that he left Stratford for London when he was about 23 years old, and in London he would have had no opportunity of inspecting gardens containing cultivated flowers, because in those days there were none. There were bowling greens, alleys, and plots of pot herbs, but no gardens of flowers grown for delight and sweetness. There were few beautiful flower gardens in England before Francis Bacon took the matter in hand, and began to put forward the study of them as a new and refreshing pursuit. “God almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the Spirits of Man.”

His book *Sylva Sylvarum* contains everything necessary to enable any man to become an expert gardener, full directions as to the different kinds of soil necessary for different plants, the use of all kinds of manure, the making of hotbeds, and the grafting and pruning of all varieties of fruit trees. In fact, there is nothing forgotten, and to-day any man following the instructions given by Bacon could be a successful gardener without the aid of a modern text book. Bacon’s notes on flowers and plants have regard to the following particulars:—

1. Their love of light and dependence upon it.
2. Their sweetness—whether of flower or leaf.
3. Their fitness for distillation into perfumes.
4. Their use for medicinal or curative purposes.
5. Their soporific qualities.
6. Their colours.
7. Their seasons for blooming and fruit-bearing.
8. Their degrees of hardiness, and endurance of frost.
9. Their means of increasing their stocks or kinds.
10. Their liability to blight and mildew.

OF PLANTATIONS

By NOEL FERMOR

In our last Editorial it was suggested that the Autumn Exhibition in the British Museum celebrating the 350th anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, South Virginia, would be well worth visiting; and so it proved. The number of exhibits was small but their interest was great, and our ninety-minute stay was passed in very enjoyable and profitable study. Our object had been to try to establish the connection of Francis Bacon with the Virginia Company's colonising activities, and this we were able to do, thanks to the courtesy and learned collaboration of the Museum authorities themselves.

The first voyage of Sir Walter Raleigh to what is now the U.S.A. was made in 1584, and the first expedition to found a colony in Virginia was sent in 1585. After a year, this project was abandoned as a failure. In 1587, Sir Walter again founded a settlement, and in 1602 Captain Bartholomew Gosnold (subsidised by the Earl of Southampton), discovered North Virginia. It was not until 1607, however, that the first permanent colony was established at Jamestown by an expedition consisting of three vessels, viz., *Sarah Constant*, *Goodspeed*, and *Discovery*, under the command of Captain John Smith. In 1609 Sir George Somers, having been appointed first governor of Virginia Colony, sailed from England, but his ship the *Sea Venture* was wrecked on the Bermudas and his arrival in North America considerably delayed. So much for the bare facts: now for some details and the part played by Francis Bacon.

No one examining the contemporary records of the Virginian colonists can fail to notice the great quantity of descriptive literature, and the surprising number of fluent writers—a veritable school of “good pens”! This is strongly suggestive of the unseen hand of Bacon, who was an original member of the Virginia Company, founded in 1609. Captain Smith was described by the Museum caption writer as “a considerable man of letters”, and works of his include *A Map of Virginia*, printed as a pamphlet in 1612, and *General History of Virginia*, published in 1624. Other publications about this time included *Good News from Virginia* by Alexander Whitaker, and *A Declaration* by Henry Briggs. The latter had collaborated with John Napier (or Neper) in pioneering work on logarithms. Napier's tables, the first to be produced, were to the base $1/e$; Briggs' tables, published in 1620, were to the base of 10, and are substantially the common ‘log. tables’ in use today. Napier and Briggs were well known to each other, and are believed to have been acquaintances of Francis Bacon. Certainly there is evidence of collusion between Briggs and Bacon in

their joint interest in the work of the Virginia colonists. According to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Henry Briggs, who was born in 1561, the year after Bacon, achieved fame as a mathematician. While a member of the Virginia Company he wrote *A Tract on the North-West Passage to the South Sea Through the continent of Virginia* (1622). Richard Briggs, Henry's brother, was a personal friend of Ben Jonson.

In 1622, a broad-sheet announced that new settlers would be allotted fifty acres of land on a first "division", and fifty on a second; it then tabulated a list of personal requirements the necessity for which had become apparent from the hard-won experiences of the earlier pioneers. This tract bore witness to careful organisation, but even so the temporary difficulties besetting the new colony in 1624, necessitated the hurried publication of Captain Smith's *General History* as a counter to ill news filtering through to England.

Let us now consider the ill-fated voyage of the *Sea Venture*. In 1610, a year after the wreck of this vessel, Silvester Jourdan wrote *A Discovery of the Bermudas by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers and Captain Newport*. In the same year William Strachey wrote *A True reportory of the wracke, and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight, etc.*, but this work was not published until 1625 when it was included in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*. Here we should note carefully what the British Museum experts had to say. They drew attention to numerous points of resemblance in Strachey's narrative and *The Tempest*; and if it can be agreed that the latter was written in 1611, it is at least a striking coincidence that publication was delayed until 1623, the year of the appearance of *The Tempest* in the First Folio. Indeed, we have it on the authority of the British Museum that, "It seems an inescapable conclusion that Shakespeare read Strachey's work in manuscript". Strachey was secretary to Earl de la Warr, who was one of the noblemen connected with the Virginia Company. The delay in the printing of his report and *The Tempest* is not easy to explain by the orthodox tradition, but on the hypothesis that Bacon wrote the play, the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle fit each other astonishingly well.

Besides Jourdan and Strachey, a Richard Rich wrote an account of the *Sea Venture* voyage and, according to the Museum authorities, there is reason to think Shakespeare had read not only Strachey, but Jourdan and probably Rich as well. These conclusions are largely confirmed in the *Concise Dictionary of National Biography*, 1903. But there is not a scrap of evidence to connect the man Shaxper with any interest in colonisation, or to show that he had access to the works mentioned.

Had Bacon anything to say about his interest in the Virginia Company? The answer is emphatically in the affirmative. In 1609, Captain Smith published *For the Plantation of Virginia* or *Nova Britannia*, and this work contained an invitation for skilled labourers to settle there. A similar point is emphasised by Bacon in his *Of Plantations*, "an essay which owes much to Smith's writings", to quote

a Museum writer, was one of those *not published until 1625*, and which specifically mentions Virginia in connection with the tobacco-growing project which is dramatised in our school books in the well-known story of the pipe-smoking Sir Walter Raleigh and his over-zealous servant. In this essay Bacon comments as follows. "The people wherewith you *plant*, ought to be Gardners, Plough-men, Labourers, Smiths, Carpenters, Ioyners, Fisher-men, Fowlers, with some few Apothecaries, Surgeons, Cookes and Bakers" This list again coincides in a most striking manner with that published by Captain Smith earlier.

We hope that we have written enough to convince our readers that the patronage of the Virginia Company by Lord Southampton and the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, to whom the "Shakespeare" Sonnets and the 1623 Folio were respectively dedicated, is not without significance, particularly when linked with Francis Bacon's founder-membership of the Company.

The British Museum Exhibition was of greater importance to Baconians than the Lambeth Palace Exhibition which was open to the public for several months until early December. The latter, however, was well worth visiting for its display of contemporary maps, manuscripts, and books. These were, on the whole, of especial interest to ecclesiastical students, but we would point out that the Library, where the Exhibition was held, was founded early in the seventeenth century by James I, *who appointed Francis Bacon to advise him*. Included in the superb and priceless collection of books and manuscripts now kept there are sixteen bound volumes of correspondence between Anthony and Francis Bacon. These need careful investigation and, if and when this is carried out, additional evidence of value to Baconians will doubtless be revealed.

Those in search of further information on Bacon and the Virginia Colony, are earnestly requested to consult Manly Palmer Hall's article, *America's Assignment with Destiny*, in BACONIANA, No. 144.

It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the Sea: A pleasure to stand in the window of a Castle, and to see a Battaille, and the Adventures thereof, below: But no pleasure is comparable, to the standing, upon the vantage ground of Truth: . . .

BACON'S INSTRUMENTS AS AIDS TO THE SENSE OF SIGHT

II

By ROBERT R. RIEGLE

In the above mentioned article the attempt was made to demonstrate how the motions in nature can be simulated in lenses and their combinations. In addition the attempt was made to show how the actions of lenses are similar to the actions of the stars and planets as expressed by Bacon in his *Living Astronomy* and *Sane Astrology*. From the similarities found in the motions of the above mentioned instances, axioms can be formed that are determinate in the development of Bacon's Primary Philosophy. Our purpose, therefore, is to increase the number of similarities found in nature and art so that further axioms can be added to this Primary Philosophy.

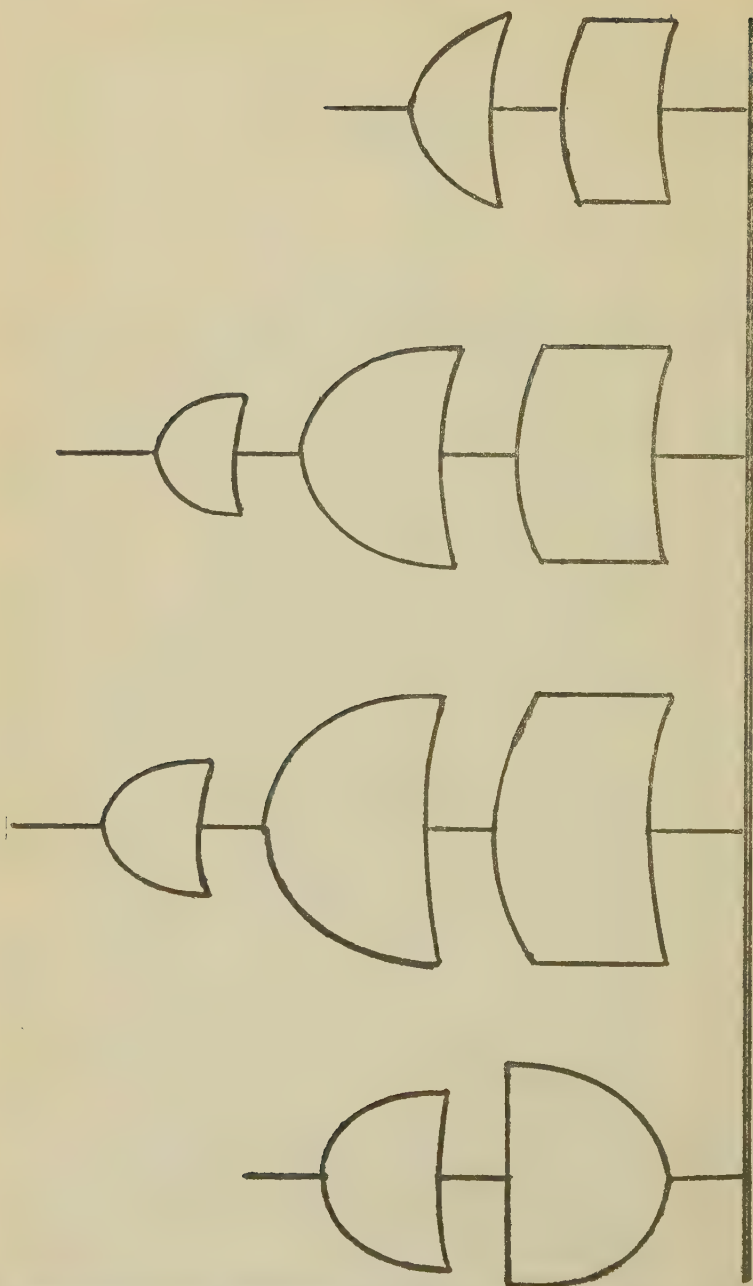
Among Bacon's Prerogative Instances he puts in the tenth place instances of Power. In this group he adds a singular instance of art, which is paper. He says that paper "is a tenacious substance that may be cut or torn; so that it imitates and almost rivals the skin or membrane of an animal, the leaf of a vegetable, and the like pieces of Nature's workmanship. For it is neither brittle like glass, nor woven as cloth; but is in fibres, not distinct threads, just like natural materials; so that among artificial materials you will hardly find anything similar; but is altogether singular. And certainly among things artificial those are to be preferred which either come nearest to an imitation of nature, or on the contrary, overrule and turn her back." In Book Three of the *Advancement and Proficiency of Learning* he exemplifies axioms that are to be placed in the Primary Philosophy.

"The Quavering upon a stop in Musick, gives the same delight to the ear, that the playing of light upon the water or the sparkling of a diamond gives to the eye."

He compares the organs of sense to the organs of reflection: "This hath place in Perspective Arts; for the eye is like to a Glass, or to water; and in Acoustic Art for the instrument of hearing is like to the straights and windings within a Cave."

I believe that the likening of paper to skin or membranes, etc., is equally important to his Primary Philosophy, since printing, according to my theory, is a pertinent part of Bacon's philosophy.

In the *Sylva Sylvarum* Bacon devotes two chapters—the second and third—to sound. It appears to me that he must have considered sound very important, since he devoted one-fifth of this work to it. I should like to present, in a moderate form, my interpretation touching



An Interpretation of Lens-Sails for Bacon's Ship of Learning made proportionately to the dimensions of the Sails found in *The History of the Winds*. R. RIEGLE (Scale $\frac{1}{8}\text{''} = 1'$)

a comparison of the passage of sound to the transmission of light through lenses.

Bacon divides sounds into musical sounds and unmusical sounds. Concerning the latter we can observe many instances where convexity and concavity are instrumental in the transmission of sounds.

As for musical sounds, permit me to quote from the second and third chapters.

"Musicke in the Practice, hath been well pursued; and in good Varietie; But in the theory, and especially in the yielding of the Causes of the Practique very weakly"

"All sounds, are either Musical Sounds, which we call tones; Where unto there may be an Harmony; which Sounds are ever Equall,"

"The Sounds that produce Tones, are ever from such Bodies, as are in their Parts and Pores Equall; As well as the Sounds themselves are Equall; and such are the Percussions of Metals, as in Bells;"

"The Diapason or Eight in Musick is the sweetest Concord; in so much as it is an Unison; as we see in Lutes, that are strung in the base strings with two strings, one an Eighth above another; which makes as but one sound. And every Eight Note in Ascent, (as from Eight to Fifteen, from Fifteen to twenty-two, etc) are but scales of the Diapason. The Cause is Dark, and hath not been rendered by any; and therefore would be better contemplated. It seemeth that air, (which is the Subject of Sounds), in Sounds that are not tones, (which are all unequall as hath been said) admitteth much Variety But in Sounds which we call Tones (that are ever Equall) the Aire is notable to cast itself into any such variety; But is forced to recurre into one and the same Posture or Figure, only differing in Greatness and Smallness. So we see Figures may be made of lines, Crooked and Straight, in infinite Varietie, where there is inequality; But Circles, or Squares, or Triangles Equilateral, (which are all figures, of Equal lines) can differ but in Greater or Lesser."

"The Just and the Measured Proportion of the Aire Percussed, towards the baseness or Trebelness of Tones, is one of the greatest Secrets in the Contemplation of Sounds. For it discovereth the true Coincidence of Tones into Diapasons; which is the Return of the same Sound. And so of the Concords and Discords, between the Unison, and Diapason; Which we have touched before, in the Experiment of Musicke; but think fit to resume it here, as a principall Part of our Enquiry touching the Nature of Sounds. It may be found out in the Proportion of the Winding of the Strings; in the Proportion of the Distances of the Frets; and in the Proportion of the Concave of Pipes, etc. But most commodiously in the last of these."

"How the Figures of Pipes or Concaves, through which Sounds pass; or of other Bodies deferent; conduce to the variety and alteration of the Sounds; Either in respect of the Greater Quantity, or less Quantity of Aire, which the Concaves receive; Or in respect of the carrying of Sounds longer or shorter way; Or in respect of many other Circumstances But those Figures, which we now are to speak of,

we intend to be, as they concerne the lines through which Sound passeth; As Straight; Crooked; Angular; Circular; etc."

"The Figure of a Bell partaketh of the Pyramus, but yet comming off, and dilating more suddenly."

"You may try likewise Percussions of Solid Bodies of Several Figures; as Globes, Flats, Cubes, Crosses, Triangles, etc. And their Combinations; as Flat against Flat; and Convex against Convex; and Convex against Flats, etc. and mark well their diversities of Sounds."

If we were to construct a series of bells, parabolical in shape, with tones developing scales of diapason, we should observe that the figure of the bells does not change; they only differ in greatness and smallness. The same can be said of parabolical lenses with different powers of magnification. Just as the measured proportion of air percussed towards the baseness or trebleness of tones develops the diapason, so the measured proportion of the light as it passes from a parabolical lense to its focal point creates greater or less magnification.

Here again we find instances that tread the same paths of nature. For we can compare the concord of sweet sounds to the most commodious disposition of sails as expressed by Bacon in his "History of the Winds", or we can compare this concord to the combinations of the proper lenses in bringing to light the latent configurations found in Bacon's works. It appears to me that the study of music is a clue to the construction of lenses based upon concords and diapasons, etc., just as the sails in a ship, the motions in his prerogative instances and the study of heat and cold reveal actions comparable to those found in lenses; and from all these likenesses can be derived axioms that help to develop his Primary Philosophy. So that we can say that the pipes of Pan indicate the harmony and consent of things and the concords mixed with discords.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS AND "MR. W. H."

by

R. J. A. BUNNETT, F.S.A.

IV

A conjecture first propounded by Fleay and elaborated by Mrs. Stopes is that 'Mr. W. H.' stands for Sir William Harvey or Hervey, who, the old time friend and counsellor of the Dowager Countess of Southampton, was married to her in 1598 or 1599. At her death in 1607 she made Sir William her sole executor and residuary legatee of all goods and chattels, except such family jewels, treasures and effects as passed by specific bequest to her son. Thus the widower came into possession of all his late wife's papers, and Mrs. Stopes suggests that among these was an album or copy of the Sonnets which on winding up the estate in 1608 he committed to Thorpe, as a publisher, to secure their preservation.

J. M. Robertson¹ was of opinion that if Harvey began an album of transcriptions with the titular line, "Shakespeare's Sonnets" adding to it, as time went on, other sonnets by Shakespeare and by others, (with blank pages in between sections), we should have sufficient explanation for its ultimate publication, clearly without permission, by a publisher, who somehow got hold of the album, and who cared nothing as to the authorship beyond the original title.

But was it likely that a collection of this kind should have come into the hands of the Dowager? From about 1594, on her marrying Sir Thomas Heneage, her relations with the Earl, her son, had been neither intimate nor cordial, and he openly disapproved of and tried to hinder her third matrimonial venture. It may well be imagined that Southampton, if the Sonnets were addressed to him and in his possession, would have done his best to suppress any publication.

* * * *

Another somewhat far-fetched surmise from the Stratford standpoint as to the identity of 'Mr. W. H.' is that he was William Hall, Doctor in Physic, of Acton, Middlesex, and formerly of Carleton, Beds., who died in December 1607. He was the father of the Dr. John Hall who married William Shakespeare's eldest daughter Susanna on 5th June that year.

* * * *

Mr. Ulric Nisbet² some years ago found 'Mr. W. H.' in William Herbert or Harbert, not of Wilton, but of Red Castle, Wales. Harbert, who was first cousin to the Earl of Pembroke, was made a Knight of the Bath in 1603, and in 1629 became the first Lord Powys.

One day in New York, Mr. Nisbet came across a book entitled

¹"The Genuine in Shakespeare. A conspectus" 1930.

²"The Onlie Begetter".

"A Prophetie of Cadwallader" (1604) by William Harbert, which contained many parallels from the Shakespeare plays. Then he discovered that Nicholas Breton¹ had dedicated "The Wits Trenchmour" (1597) to a William Harbert of Red Castle, and that this author's "Melancholike Humours" contained many "strained touches" which could be paralleled in the Sonnets. From these rather slender premises, Mr. Nisbet considered that Breton and Harbert were close friends, that the former had access to the Sonnets before 1609, which could only have been effected through one of Shakespeare's "private friends" obviously Harbert, and therefore the latter must be 'Mr. W. H.'

On 3rd February, 1928, the 'Daily Telegraph' announced with striking head-lines that the discovery of a MS. commonplace book, which had just left these shores for America, might go far towards elucidating the mystery of Mr. W. H. Mr. Edmund Dring, the then well-known bibliophile, into whose possession the book had come, had arrived at the definite conclusion that 'Mr. W. H.' was young William Holgate, the seventeen year old son of a wealthy innkeeper at the Rose and Crown, Saffron Walden, near to the home of Gabriel Harvey. It is stated that Shakespeare and his travelling company were at Saffron Walden in 1607, and the dramatist whilst staying at the inn, met young Holgate, a promising youthful poetaster, and that Shakespeare addressed a number of sonnets to his engaging friend. The commonplace book in question contained several modest essays in rhyme by Holgate himself, and amongst the 200 pages is an early draft of Shakespeare's sonnet on "His Mistris' Beaut." A further interesting entry is a hitherto entirely unknown poetic epistle by Francis Beaumont² to Ben Jonson, which contains a very early allusion to Shakespeare:—

"I would let slippe
(If I had any in me) schollershippe
And from all learning keep these lines as cleere
As Shakespeare's best are which our heirs shall heare."

This is headed "To Mr. B. J." and signed "F. B." There is also included the earliest known version of William Bass's³ famous elegy on Shakespeare, which begins:—

'Renowned Spenser lye a thought more nye
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye
A little nearer Spenser, to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe."

¹Nicholas Breton 1545-1626. Poet and novelist. A prolific author of marked versatility. His mother married George Gascoigne, the poet.

²Francis Beaumont 1584-1616.

³William Basse or Bass died in 1653. Described by Anthony à Wood as of Moreton near Thame, Oxon, sometime retainer to the Lord Wenman of Thame Park. He is best known for occasional verse, and chiefly for his Epitaph on Shakespeare, which was first attributed to Donne, among whose poems it was printed in 1633. In the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems, the lines are inscribed W. B., and in a MS. *temp.* James I, in the British Museum, they are signed 'Wm. Basse'. Ben Jonson makes distinct reference to the verse in the poem on Shakespeare prefixed to the 1623 folio.

The MS. also contains a large number of Donne's poems (1573-1631) a goodly number by Richard Corbet (1582-1635) and some by Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

And so the 'Daily Telegraph' concluded that the existence of William Holgate himself, and the powerful internal evidence of the book formed much presumptive evidence in support of Mr. Dring's contention that at last the identity of 'Mr. W. H.' had been established. But had it?

* * * *

Percy Allen, with Captain B. M. Ward¹, takes the view that "Shakespeare", the "Dark Lady", and the "Fair youth"—who assuming his father's pen-name became a professional actor 'Will. Shakespeare'—are respectively Lord Oxford, Queen Elizabeth, and a son, born to them early in 1575, some months after the Queen's return with Lord Oxford from her Progress to Bristol the previous year. Her Majesty had at the end of May 1574 "passed six days in retirement at Havering near Romford, the property of the Earl of Oxford."

* * * *

Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke point out that Shakespeare gives the name of Antonio to a 'generous and devoted friend' in both "The Merchant" and in "Twelfth Night", and these friends appear to mirror Shakespeare's own adoring sentiment towards the unnamed object of his friendship in the Sonnets. Some would see in the name a reference to Bacon's beloved brother Anthony, who rescued him from the sponging-house. Also these writers note that he gave the name 'Rosaline' to the brilliant-complexioned beauty, with dark eyes and hair, in "Love's Labour's Lost" and to a similar beauty in "Romeo and Juliet", while both these 'Rosalines' bear strong resemblance to that unnamed dark lady who figures in the sonnets.

T. W. White² states that the Sonnets are the sole production of 'Mr. W. H.' whoever he may be, and that the description of him as the 'onlie begetter' seems to suggest that he wrote some of them himself and was the cause of others being written by different persons. And this writer attributed the sonnets to Anthony Bacon, the much-loved brother of Francis, and other of his friends, on the strength of their own internal evidence. On the much-vexed question of Sonnet XX, T. W. White declared (Anthony was abroad whilst Francis was keeping his terms at Grays' Inn) "the habits as well as the youthful appearance of Bacon were more suited to a refined girl in our days than to a man in his. Witness his love of flowers, of perfumes and fine clothes and his constant use of hot baths at a period when folks scarcely washed their faces."

* * * *

And amid this throng of conflicting theories, opinions, and surmises, the mystery of 'Mr. W. H.' and of the Sonnets themselves, remains unsolved, and individuals are thus at liberty to accept any one of these ideas, or to reject them all, as they please.

¹"An enquiry into the Relations between Lord Oxford as 'Shakespeare', Queen Elizabeth, and the Fair Youth of Shakespeare's Sonnets."

²"Our English Homer" 1892.

Our pleasant Willie

In 1590, Edmund Spenser published his "Tears of the Muses," in which each of the five laments in turn her declining influence on the literary and dramatic efforts of the age. In one of the stanzas occurs the line: "Our pleasant Willie, ah! is dead of late." and later we are told that "that same gentle spirit" . . . "doth rather choose to sit in idle cell". The expression 'dead of late' combined with the 'sitting in idle cell' would seem to mean that 'our pleasant Willie' was not deceased but in retirement. Dean Church suggested that 'Willie' was Sir Philip Sidney; but he had been dead for four years, and moreover, he had never attempted anything in the dramatic line such as to justify Spenser's laudatory remarks. On turning to the poet's "The Shepherd's Calendar", we find that Willie figures prominently in two of them. Under the month of March his role is somewhat subordinate to that of Thomalin; but August is a verse-making contest between two rival poets, "Willie" and "Perigot" who is has been claimed represent the Earl of Oxford and Sir Philip Sidney. Now it is known that in the period between the writing by Spenser of the 'Calendar' and the "Tears of the Muses", Oxford had been engaged in dramatic activities, but had seemingly withdrawn from these, and was "sitting in idle cell." Sir Sidney Lee declared that there was no ground for assuming that Spenser was referring to Shakespeare figuratively and says that the "name Willy was frequently used in contemporary literature without relation to the baptismal name of the person referred to." In Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" (1602) Sidney's death is mourned as that of 'Willie'.

Lee agrees with the view expressed by an early seventeenth-century commentator (written in a copy of the 1611 edition of Spenser's Works) that Spenser was paying a tribute to the loss English comedy had lately sustained by the death of the comedian, Richard Tarleton. This might be, but Tarleton could hardly have been described as "sitting in idle cell", unless this was a very fanciful reference to the grave.

* * * *

"Willobie his Avisas, or the True Picture of a Modest Maid and of a Chaste and Constant Wife"

The first allusion to Shakespeare in hyphenated form occurs in the anonymous verses, prefixed to "Willobie his Avisas" in 1594. Richard II and Richard III were published as by "Shake-speare" in 1598. The book consists of 72 cantos, and the chaste heroine, Avisas, converses—in the opening section as a maid, and in the later as a wife—with a series of passionate adorers. Midway through the book, the alleged author, Henry Willobie, is introduced as her ardent admirer, and the last 29 cantos rehearse his woes and Avisas's obduracy. Presently, Willobie relates his burning passion to his familiar friend, 'W.S.' "who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion and was now

newly recovered of the like infection." There are no reasons whatever to connect this publication with the episode of the dark lady of the sonnets who left the author for his friend, nor with William Shakespeare, nor to suppose that the Henry Willobie was the 'W.H.' of the Sonnets. As Lee points out W. S. were common initials, and there was a dramatist, Wentworth Smith—he was a hack writer, who had a hand in producing 13 plays none of which are extant,—for the theatrical manager, Philip Henslowe between 1601 and 1603. There was also a William Smith who published a volume of lovelorn sonnets called "Chloris" in 1595. Mr Percy Allen¹ states that "Willobie his Avis" was suppressed in 1599 and that Avis is Queen Elizabeth married to an "Innkeeper" of the west country, whose sign is that of England's patron saint, St. George. It is however, very likely that the story of Avis and her lovers is fictitious.

¹"An Enquiry into the Relations between Lord Oxford as 'Shakespeare' Queen Elizabeth and the Fair Youth of Shakespeare's Sonnets," by Percy Allen and B. M. Ward.

BOOK REVIEWS

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS BETTERS

This book by Mr. R. C. Churchill (Max Reinhardt, London 1958, 21/-) is divided into two parts, the first of which is a history from the beginning, of the doubts as to the Stratfordian authorship of the plays and poems. The second part attempts to establish the case against the Bacon, Derby, Rutland, Oxford and other theories, reasonable and otherwise.

Mr. Churchill is fixed in his orthodoxy, which is a pity, as his book would have been far more worth-while had he carried out his work with an impartial mind. The first part is far better reading than the second, in which bias gets the better of his reason and judgment. But it is greatly to his credit that he does not follow the old custom of insulting and abusing the anti-Stratfordians. Whatever his real feelings may be towards those who challenge the traditional authorship, he writes calmly and politely.

Mr. Churchill evidently recognizes the importance of the argument that the Shakespeare writings show the mind and hand of the cultured aristocrat, and chapter I of the second part is mainly an attempt to demolish it. He fails so dismally that the argument even emerges strengthened after standing up to the assault. How on earth could an intelligent man like Mr. Churchill write such piffle as he does on page 126; that in a play by Shakespeare "the metaphorical life of the language comes directly from the speech of the common people, as actually spoken in farm and street"? Can you imagine the farmer's boy with his girl-friend:

"Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty.

I pray you tell me—"

or such a greeting in the street as:

"The grace of Heaven before, behind thee,
and on every hand, enwheel thee round?"

Shakespeare's contempt for the common people is, according to Mr. Churchill, of no significance. The allusions are introduced merely to suit the character speaking or the requirements of the drama! If they were confined to *Coriolanus* we might agree, but there is scarcely a play in which the multitude is not made the object of scorn or ridicule, and such references are brought in apparently quite unnecessarily. Bacon's writings show that his attitude was identical, and his expressions are significantly similar. There is no "aristocratic assumption". It is a provable fact which weighs heavily against the Stratfordian case.

Even if "Shakespeare" did have access to translations of the Latin classics, there is proof that he also used the originals, and was indebted to many authors—Latin, French and Italian—whose works had not been translated. Mr. Churchill ignores them for the simple reason that to mention them, or any of them, would not suit his purpose.

I quite agree with Mr. Churchill that the anti-Stratfordians have often made mistakes and incorrect interpretations, but I do not find them less numerous than in the writings of even eminent Shakespear-eans. Naturally, the irresponsible arguments have not escaped mention by Mr. Churchill in his defence of William Shakespeare of Stratford. Had he been an impartial critic he would also have pointed out at least some of the facts on which Baconians rely, and which are quite unanswerable.

R. L. EAGLE.

THE CULT OF SHAKESPEARE

By F. E. HALLIDAY (Gerald Duckworth, 25/-)

This book should be of interest to all Baconians. Not only does the author give a fair amount of space to the history of our own movement, but he also summarises in excellent fashion the pathetic bardolatry which grew up in Stratford-on-Avon and in London in the eighteenth century, and has continued ever since, attracting the inevitable tricksters and dupes in pursuit of easy money. Even the text of the folio and quartos has not escaped the Bowdlerisers, improvers, frauds, and classical romancers, as two hundred years of fanciful stage production amply confirmed. Dryden, Nahum Tate, Alexander Pope, Davenant, William-Henry Ireland, David Garrick, and George Steevens are the more famous names that are paraded under the critical gaze of the author, whose judgment, though measured, is enlivened by a timely sense of humour.

Those who are familiar with Edward D. Johnson's and Roderick Eagle's writings will be fully aware of the appeal of modern Stratford's star attractions, the "Birthplace" and "New Place". But it is pleasant to have the sham remorselessly exposed in this book, though it is too much to expect a complete refutation of the mercenary cult of Shakespeare still being practised in the borough. Indeed, shams of all kinds have an irresistible fascination, as Bacon himself knew:

"A mixture of a lie doth always add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of Mens Mindes, Vaine Opinions, Flattering Hopes, False valuations, Imaginations as one would, and the like; but it would leave the Mindes, of a Number of Men, poore shrunkn Things; full of Melancholy, and Indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"

If Mr. Halliday really believes that a good reason for assuming that the Stratford Bust was a "real likeness" of the man Shakspeare is because "it resembled the engraving in the folio, which Ben Jonson plainly asserted" to be so, then Baconians must respectfully part company with such ingenuousness. "Who ever saw a stupider face?" said Gainsborough, and we venture to think that the wise old Dr. Johnson, who studiously avoided attending the Stratford bicentenary

celebrations of Shakespeare's birth, and apparently only visited the town once, saw through the Droeshout mask and the ambiguity of Ben Jonson. Small wonder that the baffled bardolaters sought distractedly for the Mystery Man's likeness in many a portrait and miniature; but over these Mr. Halliday is not deceived. His discernment is illustrated in a few lines on page 126 where he points out that, though Wordsworth had asked how much longer Shakespeare could be accepted as a "wild irregular genius," it was Coleridge who demonstrated that the Plays were not the haphazard products of "irrational intuition", but, "like the forms of Nature herself, were shaped as they developed by the vital principle within". How neatly Professor David Masson once supplemented this theme, in words which Mr. Halliday quotes.....

"In Shakespeare's plays", he said, "we have Thought, History, Exposition, Philosophy, all within the round of the poet. It is as if into a mind poetical in form there had been poured all the matter which existed in the mind of his contemporary Bacon. The only difference between him and Bacon sometimes is that Bacon writes an essay and calls it his own, while Shakespeare writes a similar essay and puts it into the mouths of Ulysses or a Polonius."

In Chapter XII, our author sets about the Francis Bacon Society, but, in the interests of accuracy, we ought perhaps to mention that our date of foundation was December, 1885, and not 1886 as he states. A minor point of course. The history of the development of the authorship controversy is briefly surveyed, but the fairness of the comment is somewhat negated by an unfortunate technique of lifting Baconian arguments from a broader context and then capping each of them with gentle satire of a tendentious kind. No one denies that some Baconian writers have made errors in deduction or fact in the past. But orthodox scholarship, on Mr. Halliday's own admissions, has been far from guiltless in this respect. It may also be a mistake to write off all the cyphers merely because none appear to measure up to a modern cryptographic test. Bacon's chapter on cyphers cannot now be abolished.

We appreciate the wealth of interesting material in *The Cult of Shakespeare*, and the happy style in which it is written, but to us the principal defect of this book is that it leaves an immense gap in the reasoning. The author points out, truly enough, how recent Shakespearean criticism has become dissatisfied with the theory of "untutored carefree genius" and begins to visualise the author of the Plays as an unusually well-educated man. But Mr. Halliday is unable to give us any evidence at all of this education, and continues to rely on the assumption that the Plays themselves are sufficient proof of the erudition of the ex-butcher's apprentice of Stratford. Surely this is wishful thinking—*scientias ad quod vult* as Bacon used to call it. We all agree that the "author" of the plays must have written them: but who was he?

The re-integration of Shakespeare, which forms the last chapter and has indeed been the work of the last half-century of Shakespearean criticism, takes us much nearer to an understanding of the mind of the author, but not a step nearer to the historical person. In a review of this length we cannot deal with all the writer's comments, but we think our case is strengthened rather than weakened by his exposure of very many orthodox inexactitudes.

Mr. Halliday seems to attach no importance to Tobie Matthew's note to Bacon, "The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another". Does the word "prodigious" in this context carry no weight at all? With due respect to this entertaining book, we still think that a "psychologist and a May morning" are needed rather more for the fantasies of those who persist in believing that the uneducated Stratford man wrote these inspired Plays, than for those who think Bacon did so.

N.F.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The following Letters, with one exception, have appeared in the Press.

SHAKESPEARE PARADOX

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,

As Professor Dover Wilson rightly points out in his "Shakespeare Paradox" (*The Times*, September 2), the birthday celebrations now stretch from April to October. Is not this due rather to the fame of the plays themselves and the fine performances of which Stratford-on-Avon may justly be proud, than to anything admirable in the character of the man Shakespeare himself? If all this worship were confined to the works of the Bard, instead of being addressed to the personality of the supposed author, there would be little disagreement. But when Professor Dover Wilson makes so charming an attempt to gloss over the few rather unpleasant facts that have been handed down to us, there are bound to be some independent people who cannot swallow this.

Accepting the authenticated facts of the actor's life story because we must, we cannot be otherwise than extremely disappointed. For, if William wrote the plays at all, he wrote them (as Sir Sydney Lee assures us) as a business proposition, and when he had made enough he retired to his native village and started business as a small trader. The author of *King Lear*, so we are to believe, was interested in suing impoverished neighbours for small sums "lent".

There are many lovers of the plays who, like Emerson, find themselves quite unable to marry these writings to the recorded facts of the actor's life. If this is "lunacy" we can comfort ourselves with the reflection that it was shared by Palmerston, D'Israeli, John Bright, Bismarck, Mark Twain, and many others. Those of us who refuse to fall down and worship the actor-manager of the Globe Theatre—no doubt an excellent fellow in his way—or to let Professor Dover Wilson pull the wool over our eyes on historical questions, are just as great admirers of the plays and poems as the orthodox. We simply stand on one fundamental issue, that we prefer to regard the name of "Shake-Speare" (as it was rendered in the sonnets and *King Lear*) as a pseudonym.

Perhaps the fairest judgment of the Baconian theory was that of Gladstone, who said that, in view of what Bacon was, he regarded it as perfectly serious and to be respected. Those who deny Bacon's poetical powers should read Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* or Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*, or even his introduction to his translation of *The Banquet*. According to Shelley, Lord Bacon was a poet of the first rank in his own right, quite apart from any Shakespearian claims.

But familiarity with the law also happens to be a noticeable feature in the Shakespeare Plays. Lord Chief Justice Campbell wrote . . .

"To Shakespeare's Law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exception, nor writ of error."

"The jests in the *Comedy of Errors* cannot be supposed to arise from anything in the laws or customs of Syracuse. but they show the author to be very familiar with some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence."

The political undercurrent of the Shakespeare Plays is seldom penetrated though good judges have occasionally drawn attention to this. In 1817 Hazlitt hovered near the truth. . . .

"Coriolanus is a store-house of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's Reflections, or Pain's Rights of Man, or the Debates in both houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own."

But Hazlitt offers no suggestion as to how the Stratford actor could have gained this experience.

We may congratulate Professor Dover Wilson on a masterly attempt to fit the head of gold to the feet of clay; but with great respect we must still humbly subscribe to our Baconian theory.

Yours, &c.,

MARTIN PARES, Chairman, Francis Bacon Society.

6th September, 1957.

BEARDING BACON

THE EDITOR, SUNDAY TIMES.

Sir,

While appreciating that Atticus holds his own private views on the authorship of Shakespeare, and that these are the views of the majority, may I (quite apart from this controversy) correct an historical error in his dramatic indictment of Lord Bacon?

The so-called gift of £1,800 from Essex to Bacon was not a gift from Essex at all, nor was it a sum of money, but a piece of land apparently in discharge of an obligation. It is clear that Essex, being of an impulsive and generous disposition, wished to make amends to Bacon for the loss of a valuable legal appointment. But Twickenham Park had never been his to give, being in the gift of the Crown.

Not all members of the Francis Bacon Society are involved in the Shakespeare controversy. Many, and they include men of learning and men of law, are interested only in our first object, which is the study of Francis Bacon, his statesmanship and his philosophy. It therefore falls to me to defend the reputation of a very great man without involving others in the controversy.

May I, in justice to Bacon's memory, end by quoting his own words when, after much hesitation, he decided that he must receive this gift through the agency of Essex?

"My Lord, I see that I must be your homager and hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with saving of his faith to the King."

There will always be differences of opinion in this affair. But many will continue to believe that Bacon could no more have countenanced the Essex treason than Raleigh could have thrown up his command of the Guard.

MARTIN PARES,

President, Francis Bacon Society.

15/9/57.

THE STRATFORD BOY

TO THE EDITOR, DAILY TELEGRAPH

Sir,

May I express my sympathy for Mr. R. M. Cox when he asks for 'a clear non-controversial book' proving that "Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare"?

Clearly, this will not be forthcoming since the facts that are known about his life are few and far between and on the whole are hardly a credit to him. Further, the manuscripts of the plays have never been discovered.

We must, therefore, accept the view that there is a mystery concerning the authorship, except in the unlikely event of evidence connecting the man of Stratford with the MSS. or folios at last becoming available.

Yours faithfully,

NOEL FERMOR,

London, N.W.11.

12/10/57

THE EDITOR, THE TIMES.

Sir,

I read with interest your correspondent's excellent report of the 394th Anniversary of Shakespeare's birth at Stratford-on-Avon, a place where full justice is done to the memory of the Bard, whoever he was! Lord Attlee is entitled to his own views on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy even if these differ from those of former statesmen like Palmerston, D'Israeli, Gladstone and Bismarck, who respected a contrary opinion.

In the interests of historical accuracy may I point out that there is at present no evidence to show that young William Shakspeare ever went to the Grammar School founded by Edward VI, or indeed to any school or college?

Yours etc.,

MARTIN PARES,

President, Francis Bacon Society. 24/4/58.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter was not published despite *The Times* correspondent's error in stating that William Shakespeare attended Stratford Grammar School "as a boy".

THE MISSING PLAY

Sir,

Your correspondent Mr. Geoffrey Veraguth, in commenting on the deliberate omission of a play on Henry VII from the thirty-seven attributed to Shakespeare, has touched on an interesting point.

It may be noted that Francis Bacon wrote a History of Henry VII, and that this begins at the very point where the play Richard III finishes, namely the killing of Richard by Henry's men at Bosworth Field, and therefore the replacement of the Plantagenet by the Tudor dynasty.

Bacon wrote Henry VII as a prose history taking Tacitus as his model, this monarch's reign seemingly calling for rather special treatment, and the spirit of the English Renaissance surely shines through this work as well as the Shakespeare plays.

NOEL FERMOR

London, N.W.11.

December, 1957.

THE EDITOR "BACONIANA."

Dear Sir,

Versatility in Authors

I have often seen it stated in anti-Baconian books and newspaper correspondence that the author of such a work as *The Advancement of Learning* could not have written the plays and poems. The latest is Mr. R. C. Churchill in *Shakespeare and his Betters* where on page 168, he states the masque *The Conference of Pleasure*, to be "Bacon's most considerable dramatic effort," and expresses his disbelief that the same author could have written, about the same period, *Romeo and Juliet* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It should not be necessary to point out that the masque is not a dramatic work but merely speeches in praise of the worthiest virtue, affection, power and person. It was written for the intellectuals of Gray's Inn.

Suppose that *She Stoops to Conquer* had been published without an author's name, or under a pseudonym, nobody would imagine that it could possibly have been written by the author of that tremendous work *A History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. It took him five years to complete, and during that period he wrote such widely different works as *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and three sparkling comedies, the best known of which is *She Stoops to Conquer*! Why should Goldsmith's versatility be accepted and not Bacon's? There is, of course, no vested interest in Goldsmith, nor the mystery created by concealment. Has Mr. Churchill ever read *The Ancient Mariner*, and the same author's *Aids to Reflection*? The contrast is no less astonishing than it is between any work of Bacon and any play of "Shakespeare."

Yours truly,

R. L. EAGLE